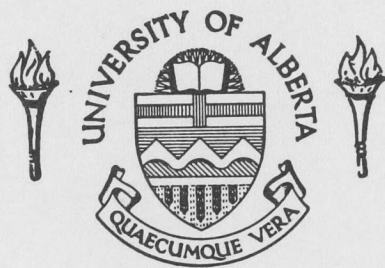


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The Icelandic Canadian

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The Icelandic Canadian

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EDITORIALS

THE REPUBLIC OF ICELAND TEN YEARS OLD

The original Republic of Iceland may be said to have come into existence in 874 when Íngólfur Arnarson and Leifur Hróðmarsson landed in Iceland. Almost a century later, in 930, the Icelandic parliament, "Althing", was established.

The republic flourished until 1262 when Iceland was united with Norway under an agreement called "gamli sáttmáli", (Old Covenant). In 1397, Margaret, Queen of Denmark, by the Union of Kalmar, effected a union of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, dominated by Denmark, and thus brought Iceland under Danish rule.

The battle in the nineteenth century, for the independence of Iceland is largely the life story of Jón Sigurðsson. On June 5, 1874, the King of Denmark signed a constitution by which legislative power was granted to **Althing** and self-government established for Iceland in domestic affairs.

In the summer of 1918 a proposed act of union of Denmark and Iceland was approved by the Danish **Rigsdag** and the Icelandic **Althing** and later, in a plebiscite, was overwhelmingly ratified by the people of Iceland. On November 30, 1918, the Danish-Icelandic Act of Union was signed by the King and the following day, Sunday, December 1, Iceland was proclaimed a sovereign kingdom united with Denmark by a common king.

Under the Act of Union Denmark

retained jurisdiction over foreign affairs and the Danish Supreme Court remained the court of final appeal until Iceland decided to create a court of appeal of its own. This was done in 1920. The act of union provided for its possible abrogation. Either **Rigsdag** or **Althing** could after Dec. 31, 1940 demand a revision and if a new treaty were not effected within three years could pass a resolution abolishing the treaty as contained in the Act. The resolution had to have a two-third majority and be ratified by a plebiscite.

This last provision was invoked by the people of Iceland.

In April 1940, Hitler overran Denmark and all communications with Iceland were severed. **Althing** decided that sovereign power in Iceland be for the time being exercised by the Cabinet. Later provision was made for a regency and Sveinn Björnsson was appointed the first Regent.

But provision had to be made for severance of the remaining tenuous tie with Denmark. On May 17, 1941, **Althing** passed two resolutions which in effect constituted a notice of the intention of Iceland to become a republic when the union with Denmark was formally dissolved.

In 1944 the three year period came to an end. On February 25th, **Althing** resolved to declare the Danish-Icelandic treaty of union terminated and on

March 8th, adopted a constitution for the Republic of Iceland. Both the resolution and the proposed constitution were submitted to the people in a plebiscite and were approved by a majority of about ninety-seven per cent of the votes cast.

On June 17, 1944, the anniversary of the birth of Jón Sigurðsson (1811-1879) Iceland was formally declared a republic, and at the same time Althing elected the regent, Sveinn Björnsson, the first President of Iceland. The ceremony was held on the plain of Thingvellir, where the first Althing met a thousand and fourteen years before.

In this the tenth anniversary year of the restoration of the Republic of Iceland there is little that the sons and daughters of Iceland in America can say. Attention might be drawn to the very appropriate way in which the University of Iceland celebrated the occasion, referred to in this issue. No special literature has come into existence here but progress in Iceland, material as well as cultural, is being watched and the magazine takes advantage of the opportunity to congratulate the people of the Republic on what has been accomplished in the first decade of its existence.

—W. J. L.



REVERIES ON THE EVE OF DOMINION DAY

In a spirit of grateful remembrance we celebrate Dominion Day on July 1st to draw inspiration from our historic past, to assess our position in this stirring and challenging present, and to endeavor to re-dedicate ourselves to meet wisely and courageously the problems of the uncertain future. This day focusses attention on the fact that at all times we walk in the shadow of history. We are a part of all that we have met, and all that our ancestors have met. The ghosts of former years and past events cast an illuminating light upon our forward march, and guide and assist whenever our footsteps falter or fail.

Our inheritance is, indeed, rich, varied and inspiring. To most of our readers a part of it is of Iceland; to others it is partly of the lands and the homes of their forefathers. But to all of us who now call ourselves Canadians that inheritance, be it by blood and kinship, be it by environment, or be it by a ready response to values and virtues which we feel are of ourselves, traces back in such clear lines and colors to an island which some of us may never have seen. History has decreed that we should be a member of that family of nations known for so long as the British Empire, and now, by choice and consultation the Commonwealth of Nations. In that family of nations is to be found one of mankind's bright hopes for a safe, free and happy future.

That little island, Britain, has given much to us Canadians, no matter whence our forefathers came, has contributed much to all free nations no matter where or what language they speak. Even now, when she appears to

be in the twilight of her power, and her imperialistic body seems to lie a molderin' in its grave, her soul goes marching on.

She gave us the beautiful "tongue that Shakespeare spake", our democratic institutions, and many of our concepts of decency and fair play. Before and after heroic Saxon Harold lay dead on Hastings' stricken battle field, and his faithful house-carls, so typical of these solid, dependable islanders, formed a ring around the body of their beloved leader and fought to the last man, the lamp of freedom has burned within those misty shores, sometimes dimly, sometimes brightly, but never extinguished by the winds of tyranny and oppression which may blow from within or from alien shores.

Not in the land of the Sassenachs alone burned the fires of liberty. Among the heather and the barren crags of Scotia's mountainous terrain they could never be extinguished. Who can read or hear without a quickening of the pulse and a brightening of the eye the eternal answer of free men to every form of tyranny embodied in Burns' version of the stirring appeal of Robert the Bruce to his troops on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn, as Edward's would-be conquering army approached?

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;

Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour.
See the front of battle lour.

See approach proud Edward's power.
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Freemen stand, or freemen fa'
 Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,
 By our sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

Ever seeking with a hungry heart,
 her adventurous sons pushed onward
 into the unknown, beyond the Pillars
 of Hercules, into regions Caesar
 never knew.

Other nations had built mighty
 empires: Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria,
 Persia, Greece, Rome, Spain. Where
 are they now? Only the memory ling-
 ers, and the warning, "Pride goeth be-
 fore destruction, and a haughty spirit
 before a fall". Each in turn became
 imbued with the idea that they were
 God's chosen people. And the rest?
 "Lesser breeds without the law".

For a while the British people were
 in danger of becoming infected with
 the same disease, called jingoism or
 chauvinism.

Kipling, who was an ardent imperi-
 alist and who believed in the "white
 man's burden" and the destiny of the
 British people to rule the "lesser
 breeds", nevertheless saw the danger
 signals as he watched the wild celebra-
 tions commemorating the end of the
 Boer War, and the return of the
 conquering legions. A brave little

people had been deprived of their
 liberty. The lamp of freedom—for
 other people—was burning low in the
 home of the "mother of the free". The
 stately RECESSIONAL is Kipling's
 solemn warning:

"God of our Fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominions over palm and pine,
 Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The captains and the kings depart,
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 A humble and a contrite heart,
 Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire,
 Lo! All our pomp of yesterday,
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre,
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Fifty years have passed, and "our
 pomp of yesterday" is, indeed, "one
 with Nineveh and Tyre", **but not the
 best features of the British Empire.**
 In the crucible of world-shaking
 events the dross has become separated
 and the gold remains. "Still stands
 Thine ancient sacrifice, a humble and
 a contrite heart". The Commonwealth
 of to-day bears little resemblance to
 the Empire of yesterday. This unique,
 free association of free people, held
 together by the silken bonds of a com-
 mon heritage, common interests, and
 mutual respect heralds the day when,
 "man to man the world o'er shall
 brithers be, and a' that".

We, Canadians, are the inheritors of
 more than what our forefathers and
 we ourselves brought with us. Here

in this land of unbounded opportunities is a nation still young, yet pulsating with the vigor and enthusiasm of a young giant who has just begun to realize his strength.

This vast land! This undeveloped land! This land so bountifully endowed by nature! This land of ours!

We may choose to live in the misty greenness of the Atlantic provinces, where men go down to the sea in ships to claim the wealth of the briny deep, where life goes on unhurriedly, and men maintain placidly and contentedly the even tenor of their ways; where in many places the forest primeval still stands, and secluded trout streams entice man away from his daily cares. Some may prefer the rural, old-country orderliness of storied, old Quebec "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife". It could be that we will heed the call of another Eden, the garden spot that is southern Ontario with its lush luxuriant growth. But the vast, fertile, grain-growing prairies, too, have their appeal. Here horizons are wide; here the traditional friendliness and hospitality of the West abounds. From time immemorial man has found the lure of the West, the land of the setting sun, hard to resist. It is not impossible that we will be tempted to claim as our own the land beyond the mountains where the rain-forests afford an abundant living.

Truly we are to be envied. We live in a country that offers us all this. This favored land! This land of infinite variety! This land of the future! This Canada!

Canada's short but stirring story shows that the past is but the starting point of an uninteruptable development and a continuous growth. In our annals are recorded for our inspiration and example every attribute of man

which has made human progress possible. In sailing across trackless seas to discover what lay beyond "the bath of all the western stars", intrepid Leifur Eiríksson, who visited our shores in the pre-dawn of our history, exemplifies man's eternal longing to reach into the unknown. In penetrating the overwhelming vastness of our inland regions the adventurous coureurs-de-bois are an illustration of enterprise and courage. Unflinchingly facing thagderision and callous cruelty of a primitive people, the dedicated Jesuit Fathers set an example of selfless devotion to a noble cause. In enduring day after day, year after year, the hum-drum existence, hardships, and heart-breaks of a pioneering life, the settlers, hewing homes from the virgin forests, exhibited that tenacity in adversity which is one of the characteristics of a great people. Time and again in our nation's story seemingly insurmountable obstacles have been encountered and overcome by these unyielding qualities of the human spirit.

Though much has been accomplished, much remains to be done. "From failing hands an older generation throws to you the torch. Be yours to hold it high". The vision of its founders gave birth to this nation. The character of those in whose steps we tread, sustained it through difficult and troublous times.

Character involves so many factors. It involves faith; a faith in a kindly, loving Supreme Being, who has given us the intelligence to make this life of ours a Paradise on earth. On a clear night, when amidst the myriads of stars that adorn the sky, the moon shines resplendent in its glory, it is difficult to be an atheist. At such a time the majesty of Creation, the wonderful order evident in the Uni-

verse must fill one with the realization that all this could not have come by chance.

It involves faith in the inherent goodness of the human race, and the faith, too, that Man is slowly but surely improving and heading towards a higher destiny. It is difficult to have such a faith at a time like this. One is apt to think that Man is a greater savage than he ever was before, that most assuredly his destructive instinct is greater than ever. But when we think of our ancestors, cowering in superstitious fear when the lightning flashed, offering their most beloved as sacrifices to a cruel, capricious god, when we think of their cold, uncomfortable huts, the dirt, the squalor, the ignorance, the want, the disease that was their lot, we know that some progress has been made.

But no member of the British Commonwealth, no Canadian, no Christian, no person of good will can afford to play a snivelling part in the difficult years that lie ahead.

Mankind to-day stands on the brink of disaster. The plunge would necessitate a recapitulation of its groping,

faltering efforts to find the way from lower darkness upwards again towards the light. In this hour of peril humanity is crying for leadership of the right kind. Young yet powerful America is trying to answer the world's anguished appeal.

What human agency is in a better position to join the United States in supplying that leadership and in providing an answer to that plea than that free association of free peoples, the Commonwealth of Nations? Here Canada can play a worthy role. Her rich and noble heritage, from diverse sources, is unalloyed by suspicions and hatreds characteristic of an older world.

Let us hope that in this virile Northland will be building a culture noble in vision, wide in scope, and effective in performance. Let our aim be to build in such a way that for generations to come mankind can see in the Canadian people an example and a guide.

Canadians! This is our heritage! These our privileges! These our opportunities! This our challenge!

—A. V.



THE CHESTS OF KING ÆTHELSTAN

by KRISTJÁN ELDJÁRN*

Translated by Tryggvi J. Olson

When the Anglo-Saxon king, Æthelstan,¹ the son of Edward, waged the great battle of Brunanburh or Wineheath (the name given the battlefield in the *Saga of Egill Skallagrímsson*²) against King Ólafur kvaran Sigtryggs-son and his allies, there were present in his army two brothers, Þórólfur and Egill Skallagrímsson, the sons of an Icelandic yeoman. Egill was at that time about 27 years old. The brothers had spent some time on a Viking expedition and then joined the standing army of King Æthelstan. They fought valiantly at Wineheath and contributed in a considerable measure to the famous victory of Æthelstan's forces. Regrettably, however, the older brother, Þórólfur, a most distinguished man, was slain in the battle and was buried in England. All this happened in 937.

Æthelstan held a great banquet after his victory at Wineheath. Those who remember the victory celebrations after the close of World War II will not doubt that there was "much noise and merriment" at the banquet. When Egill had buried his brother in a sepulchral mound, he entered the banquetting hall, and this scene is described in an unforgettable and masterly passage in *Egils saga*:

* This article first appeared in Kristján Eldjárn, *Gengið á reka*, Akureyri, 1948, pp. 96-106, and is here translated from that work. Kristján Eldjárn is a curator of the National Museum in Reykjavik, Iceland.

1. He was the son of Edward the Elder and a grandson of Alfred the Great. His regnal years are 925-939.

2. *Egils saga Skallagrímssonar*, ed. S. Nordal, Reykjavik, 1933 (*Íslenzk fornrit*, II).

Egill sat down there, and cast his shield before his feet. He had his helmet on his head, and laid his sword across his knees; and now and again he drew it, then clashed it back into the sheath. He sat upright, but with head bent forward.

Egill was large featured, broad of forehead, with large eye-brows, nose not long but very thick, lips wide and long, chin exceeding broad, as was all about the jaws; thick-necked was he, and big shouldered beyond other men, hard featured, and grim when angry. He was well-made, more than common, tall, had hair wolf-grey and thick, but became early bald. He was black-eyed and brown-skinned.

But as he sat (as was before written) he drew one eyebrow down toward the cheek, the other up to the root of the hair. He would not drink now though the horn was borne to him but alternately twitched his brows up and down. King Æthelstan sat in the upper high-seat. He too laid his sword across his knees. When they had sat there for a time, then the king drew his sword from the sheath, and took from his arm a gold ring large and good, and placed it upon the sword point he stood up, and went across the floor, and reached it over the fire to Egill. Egill stood up and drew his sword, and went across the floor. He stuck the sword point within the round of the ring, and drew it to him; then he went back to his place. The king sate him again in the high-seat. But when Egill was set down, he drew the ring on his arm, and then his brows

went back to their place . . . Thereafter Egill drank his share.³

This incomparable miniature from Egils saga testifies to the great artistic skill of its author. He achieves the finest effect with his account of the complete silent encounter of the two *dramatis personae*. The description of Egill is superb, though almost demonic, and it reminds me of the belief, widespread in the north of Iceland, that Icelanders whose eyes were not both of the same size or which differed in other matters were descendants of Egill Skallagrímsson. The truth is, no doubt, that we are all descended from him, howsoever our eyes may be. The saga then continues:

Presently the king caused to be borne in two chests; two men bare each. Both were full of silver.

The king said: "These chests, Egill, thou shalt have, and, if thou comest to Iceland, shalt carry this money to thy father; as payment for a son I sent it to him: but some of the money thou shalt divide among such kinsmen lof thyself and Thorolf as thou thinkest most honourable."⁴

Thus the silver chests of Æthelstan reached Iceland. But Egill kept the silver for himself and never showed the slightest inclination to share it with either his father or others. Nor did Skallagrímur ever demand the money until he felt death approaching and began to think of burying his treasures, a practice the men of Mýrar seem to have had, just as people today make wills. Egill would not surrender the chests, and indeed Skallagrímur was not without means. The evening before his death he buried in Krums-kelda a great chest and a bronze kettle both full of silver.

Egill Skallagrímsson was in all things a man of extremes—in cupidity also. No other Icelandic poet has been as avaricious as he, and it would have been no easy matter of the government to allot him a portion of monies voted to poets, had such been the practice in his day. His saga recounts the many booty-gathering expeditions he made to various lands. He became a very wealthy man. Not all his deeds are such as a man might glory in, and he has been censured by many, particularly as his sorrow over the death of his brother seems at first glance to have been measured in dollars and cents, and to have disappeared as soon as he had been given the silver. It is hardly to be thought, however, that Mammon alone prompted Egill's tears in Æthelstan's hall. I do not know what thoughts ran through Æthelstan's mind as he exchanged glances with Egill, but I suspect that he understood that it was honour of Þórólfur, the fallen noble, and not cupidity alone, that was at stake. Egill had for his part erected a sepulchral mound for his brother and composed stanzas in his honour—a sort of elegy—but he still lay unavenged, and it was for Æthelstan to rectify that. He knew how that must be done.

The love which Egill bore for Þórólfur he now to some extent transferred to the silver chests. He guarded them jealously and with suspicion and kept them ever with him on his journeys. Indeed it seems that very early he earmarked this silver for a certain purpose—intended that it have a memorable place in the history of his life both during and after his lifetime. This was the silver he intended to sow broadcast at Þingvellir (the plains where the national assembly met) in the hopes that blows and kicks would follow and even that all present would

3. Henry Goddard Leach, *A pageant of old Scandinavia*, Princeton, 1946, p. 131.

4. *Ibid.* pp. 131-132.

fall to fighting. Egill was at Mosfell on his last legs when he conceived this plan and when he saw that it would not be possible to enjoy his money in this way he bethought himself of another course, which is described in the saga as follows:

It chanced one evening, when the household at Moss-fell were preparing to go to bed, that Egill called to him two thralls of Grím's. He bade them bring him a horse. "I will go to the warm bath, and you shall go with me", said he. And when Egill was ready, he went out, and he had with him his chests of silver. He mounted the horse. They then went down through the home paddock and under the slope there, as men saw afterwards. But in the morning, when men rose, they saw Egill wandering about in the holt east of the farm, and leading the horse after him. They went to him, and brought him home. But neither thralls nor chests ever came back again, and many are the guesses as to where Egill hid his money. East of the farm at Moss-fell is a gill coming down from the fell: and it is noteworthy that in rapid thaws there was a great rush of water there, but after the water has fallen there have been found in the gill English pennies. Some guess that Egill must have hidden his money there. Below the farm enclosure at Moss-fell are bogs wide and very deep. Many feel sure that 'tis there Egill hid his money. And south of the river are hot springs, and hard by these large earthholes, and some men guess that Egill must have hidden his money there, because out that way cairn-fires were often seen to hover. Egill said he had slain Grím's thralls, also that he had hidden the chests, but where he had hidden them he told no man.⁵

This account shows that Egill's disposal of the silver early became a subject of conversation among the people of Mosfell county and that they even made organized attempts to find the treasure. It is unlikely that there have been many people in that county who at one time or another have not dreamt dreams of finding the silver and indeed as late as the nineteenth century men thought they saw cairn fires hovering over it. Folk tales relate that not all attempts to find the silver were wild goose chases, as the following folk tale shows:

Þverárkot is the name of a farmstead in the parish of Moss-fell. It is located to the north of the Leirvogsvog river, on the eastern slope of Moss-fell, south of Mt. Esja, and a short distance west of Svinaskarð (Swine pass). One spring day the farmer and the people of Þverárkot went to church at Moss-fell. The road from Þverárkot to the church runs through the eastern foothills of Moss-fell and across the upper part of the Kýr-ravine. When the people reached the ravine the farmer, at the call of nature, left the others who continued along the road. When the farmer rejoined them his hired man noticed that his arms were dusty and asked why this was so. The farmer was taciturn and did not wish to discuss the matter, so the subject was dropped. He accompanied the others home and in the evening went to bed as usual. But it is said that during the night he stole out alone and did not return until morning. Some say that he had found money on his way to church, and that he fetched and concealed it during the night. Later he is said to have exchanged this silver with Jón Ólafsson the Rich at Siðumúli in return for negotiable money. He is also said to have become very rich in a few years at Þverárkot, and

5. *Ibid.* pp. 132-133.

on this fact the story of the finding of the treasure is principally based.

This is a characteristic folk tale and no more need be said about it here. It reveals, however, the ideas people had. Rev. Magnús Grímsson, the collector of folk tales, who was pastor at Mosfell 1855-1860, had a scholarly interest in this matter and gave a great deal of thought to the problem of where Egill had concealed his silver. Today we have become such doubting Thomases that we no longer ask that question, but only whether it be a fact that Egill concealed silver at Mosfell, i. e., whether the saga is historically true. There is indeed a good reason for rejecting the story, for it has obviously been confused with a similar tale about Ketilbjörn the Old at Mosfell in Grímsnes. It is, of course, well known that the old Scandinavians very often buried their treasures. The hoard found at Gaulverjarbær proves this, as do the many buried treasures found in foreign lands. It is not likely that one can ever establish the authenticity of the tale about Egill's buried treasure, but if one could prove that English silver coins have been found at Mosfell, this would greatly strengthen the arguments for the truth of the tale. Indeed the author of the saga uses this very method. If his account be true, coins from Egill's hoard were already being found in the thirteenth century even before the saga was written. Here follows a short account of a trifling matter which lends support to the belief that Egill owned English silver, that he buried this at Mosfell and that some of this silver may have been found in the ravine there.

Arni Magnússon's secretary, Jón Ólafsson from Grunnavík, has left us a work on archaeology which contains the following account of silver coins at Mosfell: "My brother, Erlendur, who

was a bailiff, was in his youth in the service of Erlendur Magnússon, rector of the school at Skálholt. He told me that about 1725 some of these silver coins were dislodged during a rush of waters in the ravine and that three of these were found. He himself at that time saw at least one of them. This coin was comparable in size to a contemporary ten shilling piece, and he said that on the coin there was some crude and unimportant lettering, maybe ANSLAFR or some such word together with a few more letters." These coins were found at Mosfell and believed to have come from Egill's chests. Jón must have considered the find noteworthy for he mentions it also in another work.

It is fortunate that Jón from Grunnavík should have remembered the inscription, for otherwise one would say that the whole story was a fabrication, based on *Egils saga*, the coins being said to have been found in a ravine because the saga mentions a ravine, and so forth. One would also add that Jón was both credulous and childish, as is well known, and that his knowledge of archaeology particularly was very limited, as is borne out by an article of his published in the *Annals of the Danish Archaeological Society* 1815. Now, however, none of these arguments are apposite. Jón tells us unequivocally that on one of the Mosfell coins was the word ANSLAFR [i.e. ANSLAF R(EX)]. It therefore becomes necessary to ascertain whether such a coin can have existed, and if so whence it came. The results of such an investigation are these: The coin under discussion was minted for Ólafur kvaran Sigtryggsson, likely in 937, the year in which Egill fought at Wineheath. What facts support this conclusion?

As soon as Scandinavians came to

power in Anglo-Saxon lands they began to copy many of the native social and cultural features which were previously unknown to them, and of these the minting of money was among the earliest. Using Anglo-Saxon models they caused money to be minted and, as sometimes happens, the disciple surpassed the master. The Norse rulers made innovations which left their mark on English currency. Even the son of Ragnar Shaggy-breeks, Hálfðan, the earliest Norseman to mint money in England in the years 872-877, was the first ruler to introduce the insignia of London on his coins and also issued a new coin, the halfpenny. Yet in most things Viking coins resembled Anglo-Saxon coins. One of the rulers who had coins minted in England was Ólafur kvaran Sigtryggsson. His father, Sigtryggur, was king of Dublin, Ireland, but fled thence in 920 and made himself ruler of Northumbria. His capital was at York, and he was forced to recognize Æthelstan as his overlord. Sigtryggur died 926 or 927. During his regnal years he had coins minted and these have been found at various places in England. They carry on the obverse the inscription SITRIC CVNVNC.

Information about Ólafur kvaran is very scanty, but it seems that he determined to make himself ruler of Northumbria after the death of his father. According to an English historian, William of Malmesbury (ob. 1142), he at once left Ireland and made himself king of Northumbria, only to be driven out in 926 or 927. This is not certain although possible. On the other hand it is true that he did not give up his designs on Northumbria, but married the daughter of King Constantine of Scotland and in league with him attacked King Æthelstan. Little was accomplished by the two, however, until they succeeded in gain-

ing allies and captured York in 937. Then followed the great battle of Brunanburh where Æthelstan was victorious, as stated above, and Ólafur kvaran fled to Ireland. He returned to England in 941 and ruled a part of it after a fashion until 952, when he was driven out and proved unable to return. It is said that this turbulent Viking king became in his old age a monk and died about 982 on the isle of Iona in the monastery of St. Columba.

Ólafur kvaran was a tireless coiner of money. No sooner had he acquired some power than he set the minters to minting. Many of the silver coins which he had minted in England have been found in the British Isles. They bear three varying inscriptions which correspond to particular periods in his life. The oldest carry ANLAF CVNVNC, the younger ANLAF REX TO(TIUS) B(RITANNIAE), i.e., Ólafur king of all Britain, and ONLAF REX. Numismatists believe that the youngest type belongs to the years 948-952, the second to 941-944, and the oldest which carries the Norse word *cununc*, i.e., king, to either the very short period when Ólafur ruled in York before the battle of Brunanburh 937 or to 926 or 927, if there be any basis for the claim that he captured York at that time. On the whole, English numismatists tend to the opinion that the coins inscribed ANLAF CVNVNC were minted in York 937.

The battle of Brunanburh is the same as the famous battle to which *Egils saga* gives the name of Wineheath. It was after this battle that King Æthelstan gave Egill the silver. It is very likely that some of the coins which King Ólafur had minted were among those in the chests. Most of this coinage must have fallen into the hands of Æthelstan after the great victory. Let us, then, again, look at the

coin which Jón from Grunnavík described. On it is stated to have been the word ANSLAFR. There seems little doubt that this was one of the coins which Ólafur kvaran minted in 937. Neither before nor after has any king other than Ólafur kvaran caused to be minted a coin with the inscription ANLAF, and even though there is a difference between this spelling and the one Jón from Grunnavík records, it is so slight and the probability of the identity of the two is so great that one can hardly ask for further proof. In the eighteenth century very little was known about the coinage of the Vikings in England, and neither Jón from Grunnavík nor any other Iclander could have had any idea that Ólafur had caused coins to be minted in England. Furthermore they could not have known that Ólafur kvaran's name in England was ANLAF. Finally, it would never have occurred to them to associate Ólafur kvaran with this matter, because they did not know that King Ólafur the Red of Scotland, as the saga calls him, was in reality Ólafur kvaran. Had someone in the eighteenth century wished to fabricate an inscription on a coin from Mosfell he would likely have used Æthelstan's name; certainly he would never have

thought of the name ANLAF, which no one at that time could intelligently have associated with the battle of Wineheath, with King Æthelstan or with Egill Skallagrimsson.

Someone may urge that it is strange indeed that the only coin we know should be one of the relatively scarce coins of Ólafur kvaran and not one of the coins of Æthelstan himself. This, however, is not so. Ólafur kvaran had only been at York a very short time and his minting operations had just begun when King Æthelstan appeared, overthrew him and seized all his monies except the coins already in circulation. It was convenient for Æthelstan to reimburse Egill for the loss of his brother with this newly acquired booty—the coined silver. The king very likely preferred to give Egill the coins of Ólafur kvaran, rather than his own coins which were legal tender and bore his own name. His magnimity towards his foreign yeoman may not have been as pure as the size of the chests indicated. It is not necessary, however, to say more. Many, no doubt, will feel that the story of the silver chests of King Æthelstan and Egill is true, and that the events therein related actually happened.

A Beginner's Course in Icelandic

Prof. Finnbogi Guðmundsson wishes to announce that under the auspices of the University of Manitoba Evening Institute a course for beginners in Icelandic will be given in the Broadway buildings (Memorial Blvd. entrance). The course will commence on Tuesday evening, October 26th, at 8 p.m.,

and will continue on Tuesday nights for at least 12 weeks.

This is an elementary course for those who wish to begin or to brush up the study of Icelandic. Its aim is to provide an introduction to Icelandic grammar and a working knowledge of the language.

Around the World in Eight Months

Garnered from the **Memoirs of Dolores Randall** by **ART REYKDAL**

The call of the sea sounded strong and clear in the ears of two young nurses. One of them was Miss Dolores Randall, a pretty five-foot-four Icelandic brunette, formerly of Selkirk, Manitoba. She gave up a good position in the Royal Columbia Hospital, New Westminster, B. C. for eight month's service as a stewardess aboard the S. S. Kronviken. Originally built as an American Liberty Ship, the Kronviken had recently been purchased by a Norwegian shipping company, Wallen, of Bergen. With a crew of thirty-six, and three Anzac stowaways, she was bound for such distant parts as the Antipodes and the Orient. To Miss Randall the trip was part of a plan to visit India, China, Japan, South America, Africa and Europe.

Domestic tasks during a rough sea proved to Dolores a frustrating experience. After interminable efforts to follow the porridge pot's gyrating antics over the surface of the stove, she finally tied the pot down. Articles placed on the table would slide to one end during her absence. Then, when everything was at last in place and the hungry crew seated around the table, the porridge ended its evil career in the captain's lap. But such incidents kept life from growing monotonous, and once Miss Randall had acquired her sea legs and grown accustomed to the routine of shipboard life, she found time to sketch sea-gulls, to enjoy the beauty of moonlight on the Pacific, and to indulge in interesting conversations with members of the crew, a miniature United Nations. Among them was a Hindu who had a blue



MESS-BOY, ROGERS — as sketched by
Dolores Randall, S.S. Kronviken

circular tattoo on his forehead as a mark of caste. He adopted various dodges to hide this mark, for, if it were seen by an Indian of an antagonistic group, he might be stabbed to death.

The crossing of the equator instigated an initiation ceremony for the benefit of those who had never experienced that particular adventure before. The guest of honor was given a drink made up of quinine, epsom salts, raspberry juice and water, accompanied by tablets of saltpetre and flour. If he lived to cross the equator a second time, the victim could possibly enjoy the satisfaction of adding a few details to the treatment for the edification of his successors.

Christmas was just around the corner when the Kronviken landed in Sidney, Australia, where the beauty of the harbor took Dolores' breath away. Huge cliffs studded with soft green trees bordered the harbor, while the multi-hued roof-tops of nearby houses created a panorama of color. Homes near the harbor displayed swimming pools and docks for the private launch which every inhabitant appeared to possess. Traffic was heavier by water than by land. Most of the buildings were made of brick, Victorian in design, with an old-fashioned dignity that defied the passage of time. Outdoor telephones lined the streets, set into red boxes that resembled a fire alarm.

Dolores found the Australian people friendly and good-humored, lovers of sport. The country's climate was charitable towards the development of athletes, but not so much as the enthusiasm of the people. Surfing was the main sport, along with sailing, racing of horses and dogs, and cricket. And fishing! Everyone, man, woman or child fished. It was common to see hundreds of small boats along the bay in the early morning, each with its cargo of anglers oblivious to all but the awaited tug on their lines.

In Bombay, India, the harbor was crowded with people in various stages of undress. Shoes were considered a mark of importance. But, while the run-of-the-mill population was completely unconcerned about clothes, the wealthy classes adorned themselves with the most lavish of silks, satins and hand-worked silver and gold ornaments.

These people were crafty traders. Nobody ever considered the first price mentioned when purchasing an article, for it was always four or five times the actual value. Shopkeepers would look

askance at a speedy purchaser, for they enjoyed the haggling that custom dictated should accompany every transaction.

In Hong Kong Miss Randall found rain as permanent a part of life as the surrounding mountain ranges. Here she felt as if she were riding around on a cloud and joyously dumping buckets of water all over the place, for the rain came in gushes and covered only small areas at a time. The most noteworthy feature about Chinese character, she found, was their affability. Neon-light smiles illuminated every face, and a contagious joy burst from the depths of every being. Transportation through the streets of Hong Kong was by rickshaw, pulled by fleet-footed coolies ranging in age from six to sixty. Some of them looked as if they would soon collapse from senility, but these little old men with beards and bald heads could still outrun many a horse.

The seafarers were not allowed ashore at the Communist-controlled ports in China, where hunger and neglect was the rule. Attempts to get supplies aboard ship were met with such red tape that by the time the articles were supplied the need for them was gone, or they had so deteriorated as to be rendered useless. Departure from these places brought with it a consciousness of freedom so strong that the heart and mind wept for the regimented captives on shore.

Dolores considers Aden aptly named "hell's half acre". It resembled a huge vacant lot upon which massive mounds of clay had been heaped. The atmosphere, hot and dusty, had a dryness that penetrates the bones. Not a green thing was to be seen, only mountain upon mountain of clay. In the centre of the city there is an art-

officially watered park, where irrigation ditches keep the base of every plant constantly submerged in water. Even then the poor plants have an utterly dejected look.

Arabs and Indians together with 300 Europeans populate this no-man's land. The occasional Arab was characteristically draped in fold upon fold of gorgeously embroidered cloth fastened with a heavily jewelled belt. From this hung his fascinatingly designed dagger with handle and hilt studded with precious stones.

Leaving Aden and entering the Red Sea, Miss Randall has vivid and painful memories of five days of **heat, heat, heat**, like an uninterrupted session of steam bathing. They passed close to the African coast—mountains—barren—wasted—covered with sand. At Suez they were greeted with more sandy mountains, rocky and menacing. Suez itself is a pert little town, decorated by the artificially grown scenery. Its beautiful buildings, severe in design, were softened by the surrounding palms, shrubs, some of which bore lovely red flowers. Arabs, Hindus, Greeks, French, Englishmen and many other nationalities mingle in its streets.

A twelve-hour journey through the Suez Canal followed, the fee being \$6000. The main residential street of a small town lined the first mile of the canal. On it were beautiful bungalows fronted by a boulevard edged by lovely palms. Many people were bathing in the canal as the ship passed. Several waved and shouted greetings. Dredges were constantly clearing the canal, and the weary workers paid no attention to the unceasing flow of traffic. Other spots revealed groups of Egyptians clothed in long, loose flowing garments, their

brown skins a sharp contrast to the golden sand. Their homes were bits of canvas strung to give shade. One of these was a little more human, as it was situated around an oasis. The camels were almost missed, as they blended so perfectly with the sand.

At the end of the journey the lights of Port Said flickered like a million diamonds set in velvety black. Near the end, one was astonished to see the numerous avenues of water weaving in and out amongst the islands. Here appeared massive rows of brightly lit buildings. Only these turned out to be hundreds of ships symmetrically anchored in this avenue of water, giving the impression of a city's main street.

While they were anchored to take on supplies, they saw a few Egyptians. They were dressed in European clothes, and, with the exception of their plush, red-tasselled creation that sat jauntily on their heads adding a certain charm and eccentricity, they were normal human beings.

Leaving, the ship sailed into the Blue Mediterranean, the most true blue Dolores had ever seen. Swimming—sunning—dozing—ahhhh, what a life!

Editor's Note: — Unfortunately Dolores' memoirs end on the Blue Mediterranean. She visited Norway and several other West European countries, but was disappointed in being unable to go to Iceland. On returning to Canada, she stayed for about a year with her step-father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. S. K. Wetmore, in St. John, New Brunswick. She then returned to the West coast, whence her memorable journey began. On August 14th, 1954 she married Dr. Victor Hugo Gardner. They are living in Rochester, Minnesota, where Dr. Gardner is taking a post-graduate course. For her picture and a short biographical sketch see *The Icelandic Canadian*, Winter, 1953, p. 61. —A. V.

A Workshop in Human Relations

by **ELSIE ARNASON**



Elsie Arnason

At its 1954 summer session the University of Manitoba in co-operation with the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews offered a Workshop in Human Relations. Co-ordinator for the workshop was Dr. Denis McGenty of Chicago, Illinois. Dr. McGenty has had a distinguished career as a Sociologist at the University of Minnesota and at Notre Dame. At Chicago he carries on the duties of a Sociologist and Professor of Education as well as acting as Program Director of the Chicago Office of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Rev. Richard D. Jones, M.A., Executive Director of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews, was responsible for the selection of the resource personnel consisting of people eminent in such fields as Sociology, Comparative religion, Psychology, Educational Philosophy, etc. The opportunity of hearing these outstanding speakers was itself a great privilege. The discus-

sion which followed each of their addresses was extremely stimulating.

In the opening lectures and discussions the workshop, under the guidance of Dr. McGenty, dealt with the basic causes of tensions between different ethnic, religious and other groups of society. It was pointed out that many of us fall into the error of categorizing whole groups on the basis of insufficient knowledge. This may lead to the establishment in our minds of "frozen images", utterly false conceptions of Negroes, Jews, Catholics, Protestants, etc. As an example of such "frozen images" one member of the workshop confessed that, since he grew up in a community of Catholics who were Liberal in political affiliation, he believed for many years that all Catholics were Liberals and conversely that all Protestants were of course, Conservatives. Such misconceptions arise out of lack of knowledge and understanding. The uninformed man tends too often to measure the worst in his fellow against the best in himself. Flattering as this may be to his own vanity it is usually entirely unjustified. Out of such lack of knowledge may arise hostility resulting in "a tendency to insult, disparage, ostracize, deprive, threaten or inflict other social or physical injury upon members of a social group by virtue of membership therein."

It must be remembered that children at birth have no prejudices. All prejudices are acquired. This is illustrated by the story of the little boy who came home from his second day at Kindergarten and said: "Mommy, may I bring Sammy home for cookies

after school?" His mother asked: "Who is Sammy? Is Sammy Colored?" The little boy replied: "I don't know, Mommy. I'll look next time." The more experience we have with other groups the more valid are our judgments likely to be concerning them.

In the workshop we learned that each racial and ethnic group of our society has some worthwhile contribution to make to Canadian culture. It would be a tragedy if our Canadian and American culture were to become simply a melting pot. It is to be hoped instead that we shall produce a rich mosaic in which all the finest contributions of the different cultures are preserved to form an exquisite pattern of which we may all be justly proud.

The largest group of Icelanders to be found outside of Iceland itself is located in Manitoba. Because of this fact Judge W. J. Lindal, President of the Icelandic Canadian club, was invited to address the workshop and discuss Icelandic traditions and culture. Judge Lindal stated that between 1875 and 1910, 20,000 of the 150,000 Icelanders migrated to this continent, many of them to Manitoba. The pioneers here set up their own community at Gimli on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, and for twelve years lived as an independent, self-governing group. Icelanders brought with them their stores of books and taught their children the language which has been spoken in Iceland for over a thousand years. In every Icelandic community one of the first buildings to be built was a library.

Icelanders are characterized by a spirit of adventure coupled with a passionate love of freedom. Icelanders look back as well as forward and cherish the great literature of the sagas. But they are also eager to acquire new knowledge. They are law-abiding Can-

adians, successful in the Arts and Letters, as well as in Medicine, Law and in Politics. Icelanders, however, tended to be better poets than farmers.

One of the most interesting social events in connection with the workshop was a progressive dinner. It began with the serving of Jewish ceremonial wine, followed by French-Canadian pea soup and Norwegian bread. Representatives of various nationalities who were students in this class provided their particular dishes. The dinner concluded with the serving of Icelandic coffee, pönnu-kökur and vínatetta.

Freedom to follow one's own religious beliefs was emphasized at the workshop. This must mean, if we really believe in Democracy, that every other Canadian should have the same right to worship as he pleases as we demand for ourselves. We should exhibit the same tolerance towards other religious groups as we expect from them towards our own. This was brought out in discussions following visits to churches, synagogues and cathedrals, and following addresses by outstanding representatives of different denominations representing the Christian and Jewish faiths. All speakers emphasized our responsibility in promoting the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God.

The question may well be asked: "Why is such a study in Human Relations necessary? Are there, in Canada, tensions between various national and religious groups?" The answer, quite obviously, is that, whether we like it or not, such tensions do exist. If there are such tensions there must be a basic cause. One of the purposes of this study is to bring to light such basic causes.

It may be asked: "What use will be made of the knowledge gained from this study?" Since all members of the

workshop are teachers at one level or another, they are dealing with children amongst whom tensions can and do arise. The knowledge gained from a study of this kind, because it deals with basic causes, will be of inestimable value in the classroom. But it goes much further than that. The school is a part of the community and, therefore, the teacher can use this knowledge and understanding of group relations not only in the classroom but in the community at large.

How shall we begin? We must begin first with ourselves seeking to free ourselves of misconceptions and misunderstandings that may prove a barrier in our relations with persons of other nationalities or with members of religious groups other than those to which we, as individuals, may adhere.

Only as we are successful in our own lives in this respect can we hope to have an influence on the community with which we come into contact. As Rabbi A. Silver once said to Mrs. Harry Truman: "When the world was big men could be small, but now that the world is small men must be big."

*

ELSIE ARNASON (nee Elsie Wyatt) was born in Glossop, England, and came to Canada with her parents at the age of four. She received her education in Winnipeg at Lord Roberts School, Kelvin Technical High School and the University of Manitoba. After taking professional training at the Provincial Normal School she taught in the schools of St. Vital and Winnipeg. In 1931 she married Ingolfur Gilbert Arnason. They have a son, Barry, who is a student at the Manitoba Medical College. Recently Mrs. Arnason has returned to the teaching profession, and is at present teaching at Rockwood School, Winnipeg.

NEW DIRECTOR OF CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY



Asta Eggertson

It has been announced recently that Miss Asta Eggertson has been appointed acting executive director of the Children's Aid Society, Winnipeg. The

appointment became effective September 15, 1954.

Miss Eggertson is a graduate of the School of Social Work of the University of Manitoba. She joined the supervisory staff of the Society in 1951, and has worked in Manitoba's Public Welfare Department and the city's juvenile and family court.

Asta is the daughter of Mrs. Thorey Eggertson, of Winnipeg. Her father, Arni Eggertson, passed away some years ago.

The locks of the Welland Ship Canal are the widest (80 feet) and deepest (30 feet) in Canada. The Chambly Canal locks are the narrowest (23½ feet) and the Rideau Canal locks the shallowest (5 feet). Longest lock (900 feet) is that of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, while the shortest (100 feet) is the Port Severn Lock of the Trent Canal.

News from Baltimore, Maryland

by DR. STEFÁN EINARSSON

To say that there is an Icelandic colony in Baltimore would be a gross overstatement of fact. Rather, as far as I know, we have never been more than a few needles in a haystack, and would, no doubt have remained isolated but for the magnetism of Icelandic nationalism and customs.

When I came here in 1927, I was pleasantly surprised when around Christmastime that winter, a man walked in whom I knew at once, though I had never seen him. This was Jón Stefánsson, called in his heyday **Fillippseyjakappi** (Champion of the Philippine Islands), a rather close relative of mine, both of us being of the so-called **Vefaraætt** (Weaver family) from the East of Iceland (Jón vefari—Pétur—Stefán—Jón; Jón vefari—Jón—Margarét—Stefán). I knew him from his brothers and sisters in Iceland who all had an unmistakable family resemblance. Jón was married to Solveig Jónsdóttir, daughter of the well known **alþingismaður** (M.P.), Jón Jónsson frá Múla. They had come to Baltimore attracted by the last spurt of shipbuilding there at the end of World War I. With them were three of their sons: Jón Múli, Stefán, and Ragnar; Karl, the fourth and youngest, had been left in Iceland; he came over with me in 1930. They also had two daughters, Valgerður and Solveig; they were born in Baltimore and never learned to speak Icelandic, though they had to understand it, since it was spoken in the family. Between this family and mine there was much visiting back and forth, for they possessed Icelandic hospitality to the fullest degree, even in the darkest years of the depression,

when most of the members of this family were out of work. The father died in 1932; the oldest was run over by a car in 1941.

Ragnar married early in the thirties. His bride was Mildred Harvey, a Baltimore girl. Then came World War II and he, being a soldier, was sent, of all places, to Iceland, where he could put his knowledge of the two languages and of the two people to some real use. The Icelanders should have dubbed him **Íslandskappi** (Champion of Iceland) in commemoration of his father or **Íslandströll** (Troll of Iceland), for he is big enough for that. He remained in Iceland several years after the war and there married an Icelandic girl, María Sveinbjörnsdóttir, then in Hafnarfjörður. They have three children and have now lived in the United States for a couple of years, the latter one in Baltimore. Ragnar has now become a Colonel, and if World War III should break out, he might become a General, should he get out of Baltimore before it is bombed.

Karl (Jónsson) Stefánsson studied geology at The Johns Hopkins University; became a Doctor of Philosophy, and during the war years was sent by the government to prospect for oil in Alaska. He married an Irish girl of Baltimore, Ellen Macintyre; they have three daughters. After the war he was employed by an oil company in the Middle West, and has been stationed in Denver, Colorado. Next year he will open an office in Salt Lake, Utah, where the girls will have a chance to become **Mormónaddömur** (Mormon matrons). Karl came East to visit the family this Christmas, and

there was music enough, for Karl is a fine pianist, and Ragnar, his brother, a fine singer, capable of blowing the roof off the house without exerting himself. The two sang "Gluntarne" among other selections in memory of "auld lang syne". Of the daughters, Valgerður, a nurse, married a teacher a Baltimorean, John Baine; they have two daughters. Solveig, a schoolmarm, won the heart of an ex-warrior, an engineer from Darlington, Garland Cresswell. They now live in New Jersey, but go wherever his craft takes him. They are for the time being working on a job in Eastern Canada. Stefán, a tradesman, is the only one of the children remaining at home with his mother, who though old in years possesses an irrepressible youthful spirit.

In 1930 there moved into Baltimore an electrical engineer, Guðmundur Marteinsson, his wife, Ólafía Hákónsdóttir, and a young daughter, Guðrún. Before she married Ólafía had been a housekeeper in a boarding school for students in Reykjavík, Mensa Academica. As a student I met her there in the early twenties, and learned to like her food and to appreciate her sterling qualities, so that our meeting again in Baltimore was a pleasant surprise. Guðmundur worked with the Pennsylvania Water and Power Company, building a dam on the Susquehanna River, but lost the job when the project was finished in 1943. The family went back to Iceland where it has remained. Guðmundur has been actively interested in the forestry cause in Iceland. Just recently his daughter, Guðrún returned to Baltimore where she is for the time being a nurse at the Union Memorial Hospital. This coming summer she intends to marry Joseph P. O'Leary, a civil engineer in

Oswego, New York, whom she met in Iceland.

In 1930 there also settled in Baltimore a chief engineer of Standard Oil tankers, Sigurður Stefánsson from the East of Iceland. His wife was Rósa Jónsdóttir from Eyjafjörður. They have two children, Svafar and Anna, both of whom married native Baltimoreans, the girl a man by the name of Vernon P. Reeves. Each of them have two children. Svafar became a chief engineer like his father. Sigurður is now retired, and has moved to the old people's paradise, Florida, taking with him his daughter and son-in-law. Sigurður has a brother, Björn Stefánsson, living in Reykjavík. He has a nephew, Sigurður Þórarinnsson, a most promising young geologist and writer in Reykjavík.

During and after World War II Baltimore was invaded by war brides of whom I know by name only two or three. Málfríður Illugadóttir from Keflavík married a man named P. Carnes. They have four children. At the present time they are living in New Jersey. Hildur Guðlaugsdóttir Dunbar from Reykjavík has two children. They still live near the Martin Aircraft. There is also Valgerður Jónsdóttir Bartley, Odington, Maryland, whom I have not met.

Last but not least must be mentioned a consulting engineer, Gísli Halldórsson, who has been here a couple of years, building or designing the biggest fishmeal dryer in the world. He works with a company by the name of Renneburg. Like many other Icelanders Gísli is interested in much more than his job, for instance in writing, in poetry, and in art. He has occasionally published Icelandic articles in newspapers in Iceland and Winnipeg. He has also published a book of sketches.

If the Icelandic Canadian is interested in news from my humble workshop, I may mention that I finished the manuscript of the **Icelandic Linguaphone Course** for the London Linguaphone Institute last May, and the manuscript of **The Literary History of Iceland**, from the beginning down to the present time, for the American Scandinavian Foundation in New York. Both of these works are in the hands of the publishers.

In preparing the last chapter of my **Literary History** (1940-52) I naturally tried to communicate with and read the works of the youngest poets and writers in Iceland. I did not attempt to do the same for the youngest generation of Icelanders in Canada and the United States, because I reasoned that its members would write in English, and consequently would not have a place in Icelandic literature. If I am wrong, there is still time for the American youngsters to send me their works to have them included.

But one of the young poets, Einar Bragi Sigurðsson (from Eskifjörður in the East) sent me a brand new newspaper, an organ for the youngest writers, called **BIRTINGUR**, a bi-monthly (address: Þingholtsstræti 27, Reykjavík; price — 60 krónur a year). He also wrote me a letter that really concerns young Canadian or American writers, poets, artists of every description more than anyone else; hence I translate it here for the benefit of the members of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

I am sending you herewith a newspaper which in spite of

meagre means I am trying to publish. I would like you to lend a helping hand to **BIRTINGUR** by sending it news-letters about young poets or budding writers among American-Icelanders. If you are too busy yourself, you could, perhaps, recommend some Icelandic scholar, interested in art and culture, who would introduce Icelandic artists of America to the readers of our paper. Is there any place where the paper could be kept for sale, in Winnipeg or elsewhere, so that those interested could buy it?"

This letter speaks for itself. If there is no one among the members of the Icelandic Canadian Club who is interested in answering or subscribing to the paper, I suppose it is futile to look for response elsewhere in the United States or Canada. I would add that in my humble opinion Einar Bragi is one of the most promising of the youngest poets. He seems to take his craft as seriously as Jónas Hallgrímsson or Tómas Guðmundsson..

DR. STEFÁN EINARSSON, Ph.D. (Oslo) is Professor of Icelandic at The Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland. He is a Germanic linguist who specialized in the field of phonetics in which he earned his doctorate. In Iceland he is well known as a research student in local dialects. Perhaps his best known works are a History of Icelandic prose writers (1800-1940) and his widely used Icelandic Grammar and Reader. He has written a large number of articles published in various Icelandic periodicals, and since his arrival at Johns Hopkins in 1927 has been a frequent contributor to The American Scandinavian Review and other English and German publications in the United States. His most recent large literary projects are the works referred to in the accompanying article.

Jon Sigurdson of Las Vegas has donated \$5,000 in memory of his parents to repair the church at Breiðabólstað in Skaftafellssýsla. It has, how-

ever, been decided to move the church to Kirkjubæjarklaustri, and the money will be used to make the necessary improvements there.

The New Gimli Lutheran Church



The new Lutheran Church at Gimli, Manitoba

The completion of the church building project at Gimli, Manitoba, was marked on August 15, 1954 with services of dedication. At 10 A.M. on this beautiful summer Sunday festivities were opened with a pre-dedication service in the Icelandic language held in the chapel of the Gimli Old Folk's Home, Betel. The Rev. Dr. V. J. Eylands, President of the Icelandic Evangelical Lutheran Synod of America, delivered the principal message in which he paid high tribute to the faith of the pioneer founders of the community, pointing out that the church edifice which was to be dedicated was built on the spiritual foundations which they had laid. He asserted that in a deep sense this new venture might be regarded as a fitting memorial to them.

From Betel the seven officiating pastors, the Gimli Senior Choir, and many others moved on to the new

building where they joined a multitude of friends and members of the congregation, who were waiting outside the church where the opening service was to take place. Before the doors were opened the congregation sang the hymn, "Open now Thy Gates of Beauty", and joined in a spoken, responsive liturgy. Mr. Barney Egilson, president of the congregation and Mayor of Gimli, then spoke words of inspiration, and officially presented the keys to the local pastor, Rev. H. S. Sigmar, who opened the doors. Everyone then filed into the church, repeating aloud the words of the 122nd Psalm, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord". As part of the symbolism the pastors and some representatives of the congregation carried Bibles, flowers, a brass cross and other items, which they later placed on the altar.

After the singing of a hymn the President of the Synod addressed the congregation with words of encouragement and congratulations from the Synod. The Rev. S. O. Thorláksson of California spoke briefly and read a Scripture Lesson which preceded the actual prayer. The act of Dedication was then read by the Rev. V. J. Eylands. Pastor Eric Sigmar of Seattle was the liturgist in the service that followed. A former pastor of the Gimli Congregation, the Rev. Skúli Sigurgeirsson of Walters, Minnesota, read the scripture lessons for the service, and brought words of greeting and congratulations. In anthem form the choir sang the Icelandic hymn of Church Dedication, "Indælan bliðan". This was followed by the sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Haraldur Sigmar of Blaine, Washington, former president of the Synod. He spoke of several experiences of entering Cathedrals and Houses of Worship on his recent trip to Europe and referred these incidents as well as the experience of this day to the 122nd Psalm, which was his text. At the conclusion of the sermon Mrs. H. Sigmar of Blaine sang a solo, "Konunga konungur", which had been written by her father, the late Rev. N. S. Thorláksson. After the prayers the local pastor, Rev. H. S. Sigmar, introduced the founding pastor of the present congregation, the Rev. Dr. Rúnólfur Marteinsson. Mr. Sigmar referred to the remarkable fact that in 1900 Dr. Marteinsson came to Gimli as organizer and pastor, and now, 54 years later, he was able to be present on the day of dedication, even as he was in attendance to preach the first sermon in the new church on opening day, December 20, 1953. Dr. Marteinsson pronounced the Benediction. At the close of the regular service a number of people remained for

a service of Holy Communion.

Services were also held at 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. After each service, including the morning dedication, refreshments were served in the lower auditorium under the chairmanship of Mrs. Anna Josephson, former president of the congregation. At the 7 o'clock service messages were brought by the Rev. Sigurður Ólafsson of Seattle, a former pastor of this congregation, and by Padre Foreman, Protestant Chaplain of the R.C.A.F. Station at Gimli. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Eric Sigmar who related his message to some of his experiences on his recent travels through Iceland and other parts of Europe. At the 9 p.m. service the sermon was delivered by Pastor H. S. Sigmar, who spoke on the two Biblical texts which are affixed to the new stained glass Memorial Window in the church. It is a picture depicting Christ calling the Fishermen on Lake Galilee. In his sermon the pastor referred to the experience of building the new church as "Launching out into the deep" in order that we may more effectively fulfill the call of Christ to be "fishers of men".

Plans for the new church project were commenced two years ago on the 75th Anniversary Celebration Day in October, 1952 which marked the beginning of organized Lutheran Church activity in this area. At a meeting of the congregation a motion was proposed by Mr. J. B. Johnson that a church building committee be organized to raise money to build. He mentioned the fact that the project could be partially financed by borrowing money from the United Lutheran Church in America.

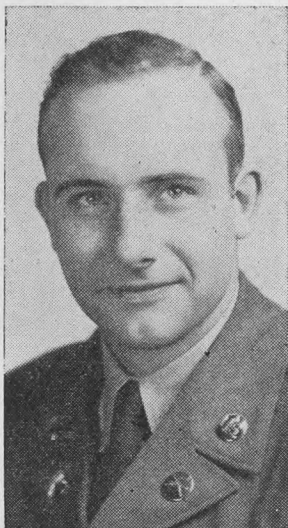
The old building was dismantled in the spring of 1953. Excavation for the new building began in June. Raising the new structure began in September

1953. The builder was Mr. Sveinn Björnsson and the labor contractor was Mr. Mundi Magnusson. A great deal of labor was contributed: excavation; the hauling of gravel; all electrical wiring; all painting and much skilled work, including the re-making of the art glass windows from the old church so as to be suitable for the new. In cash the building has cost around \$65,000 furnished. However, an evaluation of contributed labor and materials is conservatively set at \$20,000. As a result the congregation is now in possession of a church building that could not be replaced at less than \$85,000 with a debt of about \$40,000. The congregation has thus increased its material assets to the extent of \$45,000 since the drive for funds commenced in the fall of 1952. Of this amount only about \$1,700 has been given from sources outside the community, which includes \$1000 donated by one Winnipeg couple, former

residents of Gimli. This project which has been accomplished during two years that have been economically very difficult for this fishing community indicates that the greatest assets of this district are spiritual ones: faith, generosity, co-operation.

The church was designed by Dennis Carter of Winnipeg who caused the design to simulate a ship. The lines of the building thus respond in silent eloquence to the mandate of the Church's Pilot, "Launch out into the deep". The cross on the top of the spire speaks its message of Divine Love and sacrifice. This particular cross is constructed in such a way as to be reminiscent of a ship's mast. Symbolically it is there to gather the winds of God's Power so that it can move on in its purpose of bringing His children safely through the journey of life into the harbour of Eternal Peace and Safety. —A. V.

ORDAINED IN OHIO



Charles Ray Fenton, of Struthers, Ohio, was ordained and installed as pastor in the West Middlesex Church

in June. A member of the Struthers United Presbyterian Church, he received his bachelor of arts degree in 1950 from Miami University in Oxford, (Ohio) and his bachelor degree from Pittsburgh-Xenia last May. He served in the army at Ft. Ord, California and Ft. Riley, Kansas. He is married to the former Maxine Joyce. They have one daughter eighteen months old.

Rev. Fenton is the son of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Fenton, of Struthers, Ohio. His mother, Lovisa is the daughter of the late Benedikt and Ingibjörg (Björnsdóttir) Freemansson of Gimli, Manitoba.

Author Gunnar Gunnarsson, who was 65 in May, has completed a novel called TERRA INFIRMA, due to be published shortly.



James Alvin Boyle

WAR SERVICE RECORD



Alan W. Boyle

SGT. JAMES ALVIN BOYLE—born at Winnipeg, Man., August 4, 1919. He enlisted with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada February 1940. He took most of his training in England. He served as physical instructor 2 years before going into action. He was killed in action October 5, 1944 near Camp Brasshalt, Antwerp.

ALAN W. BOYLE—born May 16, 1917, at Selkirk, Man. Enlisted with the R.C.A.F., October 16, 1942. He served in Canada from 1942 until 1945.

Sons of Mr. Boyle and Mrs. Helga (Sigurdson) Hughes, Williams Lake, B. C.



Richard Leask



James Leask

PTE. RICHARD LAIRD LEASK—born at Selkirk, Man., Sept. 15, 1922. He enlisted with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada, Company D, January, 1940. He was stationed at Winnipeg, Camp Shilo and in Quebec. On August 16, 1940 he embarked overseas and was in England until the Dieppe raid. He died in action August 19, 1942. He received the following medals: The Defense Medal, The War Medal 1939-1945, The Canadian Voluntary Service Medal and Star. His widow, Shirley, and one son reside in Winnipeg.

JAMES O. LEASK—born at Selkirk, Man. December 30, 1917. He joined the Signal Corps of the Canadian Army in Regina in 1942. He was overseas for four years and served as a driver in Italy, Mediterranean, France, Germany and Holland.

Sons of the late Mr. George and Mrs. Josie (Sigurdson) Leask, Selkirk, Man.

Grandsons of the late Mr. and Mrs. Teitur Sigurdson, Selkirk, Man.

The Facilities For The Study Of Icelandic At The University Of Manitoba

(conclusion)

by Finnbogi Guðmundsson

The Story of King Hálfur and Hrólfur Kraki

When King Ólafur sat in Sarpsborg, it happened one day that a big man and a stranger came before the king and saluted him. The king received him graciously and asked his name.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the conclusion to the article THE FACILITIES FOR THE STUDY OF ICELANDIC AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA by Prof. Finnbogi Guðmundsson which appeared in the Summer issue, 1954, of THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN. To show the connection between this story and the afore-mentioned article the final paragraph of the latter is hereby re-printed:

We all have faith in the Icelandic tongue and the culture which it unfolds. If it is our desire that others acquire a correct understanding of the proper place of the Icelandic language in our culture, we must show our faith by our works, and that can best be done by encouraging as many students as possible of Icelandic descent to take Icelandic, and in that way add strength to the Department during its first arduous years. The better use we make of the facilities already at hand, the sooner will Icelandic satisfactorily establish itself at the University. I refuse to believe until it is proven to me that the Icelandic language has anchored in the wrong harbour, that it has come to King Hálfur and not to King Hrólfur kraki; for it was to the latter that the Icelandic was destined. Because of those who have forgotten (or perhaps never known) the story, which here is being referred to, I am giving it at the end, half in fun and half in seriousness. . .

He said he was named Tóki and the son of Tóki Tókason the Old. He asked the king if he might be amongst his retinue for a time. The king granted him that and assigned him an honourable place. Tóki kept to himself and for long periods drank little. He was well mannered and agreeable and everyone liked him. The king realized that Tóki was both well-versed in old lore and of an inquiring mind. All questions were answered by him well and wisely, and the king took the greatest pleasure in his conversation. Men saw that Tóki was an old man, but that he had been a man of outstanding strength and comeliness in his day. One day when the king was talking to Tóki, he asked him how old he was. He said he didn't know for sure — "but this I do know that I am destined to live the span of two ordinary lives, and now it seems to me likely that they will soon be over, judging by most men's length of days." The king said: "Then you will remember King Hálfur and his warriors and Hrólfur kraki and his champions?" Tóki answered: "I remember them both for I was with them both." The king asked: "Which of the two kings and their followers seemed to you the more worthy of fame?" Tóki replied: "You shall judge yourself, my lord, and I shall tell you a story to that end. When I was in my prime, I travelled from one land to another and had a picked body of men with me, such as I thought necessary and

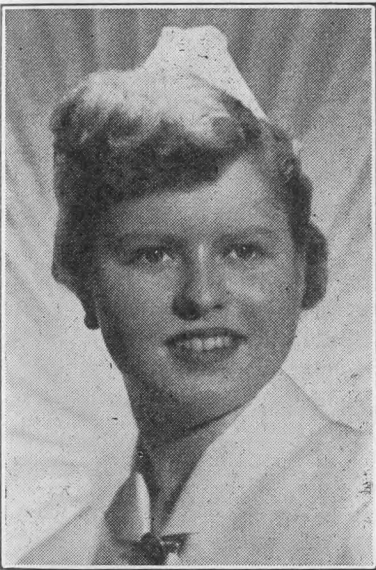
fitting for me—for then I was reckoned to be one to set those who had some courage on the road to fame. And it was true then that I thought little beyond my powers. I visited many countries and was eager to test the generosity of princes and the prowess of their champions. When my long life was ordained for me, it was also decreed that I should nowhere rest content for longer than 12 months at a time and I knew that this doom proved true. Then I heard of Hrólfur kraki, his magnificence and liberality and of the prowess, deeds and bravery of his champions which set them beyond all others in strength and every accomplishment. I then became eager to meet this king and his men. So I and my followers journeyed until we came into Denmark and into the presence of Hrólfur kraki. I went before him and saluted him; he received my greeting well and asked what manner of man I was, and I told him. He asked me my purpose, and I said I wished to receive winter-entertainment from him; he said he had never begrudged food to any man and would not begin now with me or my followers. I asked him then where I was to sit. He told me to sit wherever I could clear a place for myself by pulling a man out of his seat. I thanked him. I was then full of confidence in myself. I went straightway to the place where Böðvar bjarki sat. The king had stipulated that they were not to resist actively. I gripped Böðvar's wrists and set my feet against the footrest. Then I let my shoulders fall back and braced my arms at the same time. I put all my strength into the pull, but he sat still so that I couldn't move him an inch. But at times he was red as blood, at times pale as straw, at times black as Hel, and at times white as a corpse, so that these colours showed

one after another in his face, it affected him that much. Next I took to the wrists of Hjalti the Valiant. We strained ourselves then with all our might he and I. I was able to pull him to the front of his seat, but he was able even time to hold me there and then back again into his place. This kept on for a while until I gave up. I then turned to Hvitserkur the Bold, and summoned up all my strength to tackle him. I managed to pull him from his seat and from then on I dislodged one after another. I went the rounds of the hall in this way and from then on they were all unseated. Afterwards and my men sat where I pleased. We all had very honourable seats. Everything there was in the most magnificent style and of all the places I have been that seemed to me the best in every respect. But when summer came I went before Hrólfur kraki and thanked him for his entertainment over the winter and told him that I was leaving. He invited me to stay but I was not content. I journeyed far and wide once more until I heard of King Hálfur and his warriors. There was much talk of what bold men they were. I travelled again until I came to Norway and into the presence of King Hálfur. I went before him and saluted him and he received me very well. I asked him for winter-entertainment, and he said that I was welcome to stay there as long as I wished. I then asked him where I and my companions were to be given seats. He told me to sit wherever I could pull a man from his place under the same conditions as Hrólfur kraki had made. Then I went to where Earl Útsteinn sat beside the king. I gripped his wrists and meant to pull him out of his place. I braced myself with all my strength but could do nothing with him. Then I went to Innsteinn, then to Hrókur the Black,

then to Björn and so to Bárður. None of them could I pull forward. So I went in and around the whole hall and could lift none of them out of his seat, and to tell you the truth, my lord, neither the man in the least distinguished seat there nor the smallest of them all showed any greater response to my efforts than did Böðvar bjarki. Afterwards I went again before the king and asked him then where I was to sit, since I could nowhere make room for myself. He said that I should have to sit a bench lower than his men. I and my men then went to the seats

assigned us. There was no lack there of every needful source of pleasure, and the only fault I had to find was that there I had to look up to other men and other men down on me, otherwise I should have thought it the best place I've ever been in. Now you must say, my lord, which of them were more worthy of fame." "It is easily seen", said the king, "that the warriors of King Hálfur were much the stronger, but I think that no king of his time was more magnificent or more accomplished than Hrólfur kraki."

GRADUATES IN NURSING



Miss Dorothy E. Björnson, Swan River, Manitoba, graduated last May from the General Hospital School of Nursing, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Miss Björnson has accepted a position with The Manitoba Department of Health and Public Welfare as a Public Health Nurse in the Swan River district. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jóhann Björnson, who have long resided in the Swan River Valley.

RECEIVES SCHOLARSHIP

Björn Sigurbjörnsson who came here as a student from Iceland in 1952 and has since been studying in the Faculty of Agriculture at the University of Manitoba, received the Isbister Award for the highest standing in Third Year Agriculture at the Spring examinations. Before arriving here he was a graduate of the Agricultural College at Hvanneyri, Iceland.

Björn is married to Helga Pálsdóttir, of Reykjavík, who is currently employed by the University of Manitoba recording and assembling the Icelandic library there.

The Icelandic Canadian extends its heartiest congratulations to these promising young graduates.

An ingenious scheme to encourage savings has been announced by the Bank of Iceland. It plans to give every child in the country a savings book with 10 krónur in it.

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The Canadian government has sent two specialists to Iceland to learn how to treat eider-down. The intention is to teach Canadian Eskimos to use the down.

This Year's Icelandic Celebrations

The English have their St. George's Day; the Scotsman cherishes the day of St. Andrews, and Burns' Night; and the Irishman with no less fervor celebrates "The Seventeenth of Ireland". The Scottish and the Irish, though numbered in the millions in America, have realistically adopted the English language as their own; yet they refuse to forget their origins. For they realize, as Sir William Temple has so well said, that "In the remembrance of a glorious past individuals and nations find their noblest inspiration."

We, whose roots are back in "Eld-gamla Ísafold" have our **Íslendingadagur**; and if we do our stuff with enthusiasm and good judgement in this period of transition from the first generation to the second and third in America, the observance of this day may crystallize into a fixed and permanent tradition to the enrichment of the lives of our descendants.

This year as formerly we have done fairly well with our Icelandic Celebrations. From Hnaua on the northern border of settlement in Manitoba to the sunny coast of California Icelanders and their friends have gathered to spend a happy and inspiring day together.

The largest of these gatherings was at Gimli, where nearly 3000 people gathered in beautiful Gimli Park on the shores of Manitoba's inland sea—Lake Winnipeg. Besides Manitobans, this celebration attracted many from Saskatchewan and the near-lying States—even some from as far west as the Pacific Coast and as far east as Iceland.

The chairman for the day was Snorri Jónasson, who performed the duties of his office with ability and

becoming brevity. A large mixed choir directed by Mrs. E. A. Isfeld, entertained with many fine Icelandic selections. The program was of a bilingual nature, as befitted the nature of the audience. The gathering was welcomed by Mayor Barney Egilson of Gimli and greetings were brought from the Manitoba Government by the Hon. C. T. Shuttleworth and from Iceland by Rev. Eric Sigmar, who has sojourned there for a year along with his wife Svava. Icelandic consul, Grettir Jóhannsson, also spoke briefly on behalf of his government.

Mrs. Paul Goodman, wife of one of Winnipeg's aldermen, was the stately "Maid of the Mountain". Her warm greeting to her "children in America" was delivered in flawless Icelandic. So was the main speech of the day, given by Rev. Robert Jack, now of Arborg, Man., the Scotsman whose Icelandic is said to be better than his native English; and who was eloquently introduced by Dr. V. J. Eylands of Winnipeg. Rev. Jack maintained that the love of liberty, common to all Christians, had never died in Icelandic hearts and had reached its climax and fruition at Thingvellir on June 17th, 1944. He briefly outlined the great strides made by the Icelandic people in the first ten years of the Second Republic.

In his English toast to Canada, young Winnipeg lawyer, S. A. Thorarinson, heaped brilliant ridicule on self-appointed prophets of the past who asserted that Western Canada was and always would be a worthless area fit home only for Indians and Eskimos, and that Canada as a whole was bound to give up the struggle and join the United States. By inference he sug-

gested that present-day pessimists are equally far off the beam. A nostalgic Ode to Iceland by Dr. S. E. Bjornson of Miniota, Man., completed the formal program of the afternoon. The evening was taken up with community singing followed by pictures from Iceland — and then the dance.

A feature of the sports program at Gimli was a re-introduction of the ancient and honoured art of the Icelandic **Glíma**, a form of wrestling characterized by skill and dexterity. In earlier years of settlement this was practiced in the home yards, at school, and in athletic clubs. But gradually the practice of this sport waned in America. The old masters grew older, and none took their places. The **glíma-belti** was stowed away.

In the olden days, one of the enthusiastic promoters of sport, including the **glíma**, was Paul Reykdal, of Grettir Club fame. Now, desirous of preserving a tradition upheld by his father, Art Reykdal has organized a boy's **glíma** club in Winnipeg from among his Sunday school boys. He has zealously devoted himself to this work, which required much tact and patience. Jon Johannsson is the trainer, with some assistance from Benedikt Olafson. Four members of this group, aged 12 and 13, displayed their skill at Gimli, to the keen interest of a large audience. The winner of the silver trophy was Winston Hand; the others taking part were Herbie Frederickson, Bob Brockhill, and Bob Tebbutt. Perhaps Art has



Winston Hand tenderly nurses the Glíma Trophy he won at Gimli, August 2, 1954, while Bob Tebbutt, Herbie Frederickson and Bob Brockhill, his vanquished competitors look on. On August 14th, the boys went to Hnaua to exhibit the glíma at the celebration there, although holidays prevented two of them from attending and Ronnie Stefansson, recently returned from vacation, was added to the group.

started something that will last, and spread.

Two other relics out of the past making their first appearance at Gimli in many years, were the old sport trophies, the Oddson Shield and the Hanson Cup. Teams from Winnipeg and from Oak Point competed in track and field events for the Oddson Shield, donated for the day by Thorsteinn Oddson and Sons in 1913. Chief stalwarts of the winning Winnipeg team were Walter Gudmundson and Gordon Stratton, both high school students.



Walter Gudmundson

Walter Gudmundson, the son of Thorvaldur and Laufey Gudmundson of Winnipeg, went home with the Hanson Cup, donated in 1913 by Skuli Hanson for the highest individual points at the Celebration meets. Walter showed particularly good form in the high-jump.

It is hoped that next year will bring athletes from other districts to bring the competition up to the standard of ancient times when it was not unusual

for Canadian records to be beaten in Icelandic Celebration meets.

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At Hnausa, not one but two milestones were marked on Saturday, August 14th - not only ten years of the Icelandic Republic, but also 60 years of the Hnausa Íslendingadagur. For the first time here, back in 1894, an abortive dairymen's meet sponsored by the provincial government was turned into an impromptu national celebration such as they were of at that time holding in Winnipeg for the fifth time. The idea took root, and so the Icelanders of the northern part of the Interlake country have been meeting there once a year ever since.

This time the meet was ably presided over by Sigurdur Vopnfjord, reeve of Bifrost Municipality. Outstanding features of the program were the often-encored singing of Guðmunda Elíasdóttir of New York and the choir selections and readings from Ode to Iceland by Davíð Stefánsson. Much credit for the fine performance of the mixed choir is due to the choirmaster, Jóhannes Pálsson, and to the accompanist, Mrs. Lilja Martin. This brother and sister have long done yeoman service for "New Iceland" in the field of fine music. Mrs. Anna Austman personified the "Fjallkona", assisted by Miss Evelyn Williams as Miss Canada. Professor T. H. Ellis, of Manitoba University, gave the toast to Canada; and Eric Sigmar brought greetings from Iceland.

The toast to Iceland was ably and enthusiastically handled by Björn Sigurbjörnsson, a young citizen of Iceland who has been taking honors at the University of Manitoba as student in Agriculture. He painted a glowing picture of the economic advancement and international status of Iceland of today as contrasted with the tragically evil days of the past under foreign

misrule and trade monopoly. With a few thousand citizens of this type, the young Republic should not languish for lack of enthusiasm or self-confidence.

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Turning now from the far north to the far south, we find that the Icelanders of the San Francisco Bay area gathered at the Pink Horse Ranch on June 20th to commemorate the birth of the Republic. Here, amid dream-land surroundings, about 60 miles south of San Francisco, people began to gather about 10 a.m.; and twelve hours later many were still there dancing or singing. Because of the intense heat, much of the day was spent inside the cool rambling clubhouse, or on the huge verandah under the towering oaks and elms.

At noon Icelandic Smorgasbord was served. To enumerate the Icelandic dainties on the menu would only serve to make the reader hungry, as it did the writer. After due time was allowed for all this to settle, an hour was spent in community singing. At 4 o'clock, Margaret Blondal Cook, general chairman for the day, got the formal program under way and explained the day's significance. Then Iceland was toasted by Dr. A. F. Oddstad, a local authority on matters Icelandic. Ted Switzer, who is married to a young woman from Iceland spoke on behalf of the United States.

A varied musical program was also enjoyed: a group of Icelandic songs by Leona Oddstad Gordon, lyric soprano; selections by Marcus Gordon, concert pianist; and old Icelandic favorites by Steinthor Gudmunds, baritone. Added color was brought to this colorful setting by five young women in different styles of Icelandic costumes, headed by Leona Gordon who wore the festal *skautbúning*.

At six in the afternoon a delicious fried chicken dinner was served to the again-hungry gathering, followed by more visiting and singing. Late in the evening, as many people were going home, some 20 young people from Iceland were still harmonizing on songs of their homeland. Perhaps they thought then of Thorsteinn Erlingsson, a homesick young student of a former generation, penning his ode to the *Sólskríkja* and pining for his native badlands amid the nightingale-haunted woods of Denmark.

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Farther north along the Coast, Seattle Icelanders held their celebration on Sunday, August 1st, at Silver Lake. The day was fair, the park beautiful, and this added to the festive spirit abroad. At 2 o'clock the guests were welcomed by Rev. G. P. Johnson as chairman, and the formal program got under way. Main speaker was the Rev. Bragi Friðriksson, young, of Viking proportions, and recently from Iceland. With easy self-assurance he traced in his native tongue Iceland's long struggle for freedom, and described the giant strides made in the last ten years. Then he briefly finished in scholarly English. Another guest speaker was the ever-popular Rev. Albert Kristjánsson from Blaine. Community singing was led by Tani Björnson, who also twice entertained with solos. Mrs. Sophie Wallace graced the role of *Fjallkona*.

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There have, we understand, been other gatherings this year of a similar nature, of which we have not had reports. It would be desirable if in future accounts of such be sent to us, or to the Icelandic papers here, for the record and to give ideas and encourage-

ment, and others working in the same field.

All the aforementioned gatherings were predominantly Icelandic in language and spirit, and largely sponsored by first and second generation Icelanders; but special mention must be given a remarkable "Icelandic Celebration" — this was the title of the program — held at Saratogo Resort, Utah. It was conducted entirely in the language of this continent by Americans many generations removed from Iceland. This gathering, presided over by John Bearson of Springville, Utah, was partly in the nature of a reunion of people of the same common ancestral background, partly in preparation for

next year's 100th anniversary of the coming of the first Icelanders to Spanish Fork, Utah. This is to be an ambitious affair, with a movie film to be made depicting the century of progress of the "Icelanders" in Utah. Copies of the film will then be sent to Iceland for the use of relatives and societies of that country. Such a attachment, after so long a time, to the land of origin, by a small isolated colony, does seem amazing. It behooves us to lend a helping hand to the growing multitudes to whom Iceland is a foreign and difficult language, yet who would gladly "find their noblest inspiration in the remembrance of a glorious past."

—H. J. S.

GOING TO EGYPT



Miss Laura Thordarson of Vancouver, B. C. has been appointed by the World Health Organization, a branch of the United Nations, to teach nursing at the University of Alexandria, Egypt for a period of two years, and has been granted leave of absence

from her present employment in Vancouver for this purpose.

Laura graduated from the St. Boniface Hospital, St. Boniface, Manitoba and did post-graduate in Public Health at the University of Toronto. She received her Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Social Work *magna cum laude* from the University of British Columbia.

Born at Hecla, Manitoba, she is the daughter of Teóðór and Sigríður (Hoffman) Thordarson. The family lived for a number of years at Selkirk, Manitoba, where Laura received her Public and High School education.

Bequests, donations and gifts from Canadians to persons in other countries were almost seven times as valuable last year as bequests, donations and gifts received by Canadians from persons in other countries.

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Einar Jonsson the celebrated sculptor celebrated his 80th birthday in May. A book with pictures of his sculptures and paintings will be published later in the year.

DR. EYMUNDSSON RETIRES



Dr. K. S. Eymundson

After thirty years of service on the Medical Staff of the Saint Francis Memorial Hospital, San Francisco, Dr. K. S. Eymundson retired to private life on May 1, 1953. At a staff meeting in March Dr. Eymundson was honored with the reading of a resolution which said, in part:

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that the Medical staff and the Board of Trustees of Saint Francis Memorial Hospital do thank K. S. Eymundson, M.D. for his years of devoted service, constant attention to employees and student nurses without remuneration of any kind and

Be it further resolved that the aforesaid Ben Eymundson be and hereby is granted whatever use of our facilities and friendship he shall care to have in the many years which we trust are before him."

On May 5 Dr. Eymundson was presented with an "Aptos" perpetual

clock inscribed "Sincere Appreciation and Best Wishes. Your Friends at St. Francis Memorial Hospital-May, 1953."

Never before has any doctor of the St. Francis Memorial Hospital been thus honored.

Dr. A. F. Oddstad, Sr. of Daly City, California, writes the following account of a testimonial dinner held in Dr. Eymundson's honor:

On May 1, 1953, in the Banquet room of the Red Chimney Restaurant in Stonestown, San Francisco, the Icelandic community and friends of the San Francisco Bay region gathered to honor, with a testimonial dinner, their long-time friend and physician, Dr. K. S. Eymundson. The occasion marked his birthday and his retirement from the active practise of his profession.

Sincere and remarkable tributes by the entire attendance of 150 people were paid to the doctor.

Two longtime medical associates, Dr. Paul Wienholz and Dr. C. C. McRae, lauded his professional attainments and spoke of the high respect with which he is regarded by the members of his profession.

A college mate, Rev. S. O. Thorlakson, spoke of college days and a long friendship. Several others spoke. The tenor of all the speeches being a high personal regard, genuine good wishes for the future and a sense of loss in the doctor's retirement.

At the close of the dinner and a program of musical selections the doctor was presented with a watch suitably engraved as a memento of the occasion from his friends.

Dr. K. S. Eymundson was born in a pioneer cabin on the North Dakota prairie. His immigrant parents thrust

in the throes of adapting to a strange environment found hard physical labor necessary to make the prairie homestead into a producing farm capable of sustaining a family and hard work was the lot of the pioneer boy as soon as he was able to participate. Hard work and determination enabled him to go through college and professional school.

After graduation from Rush Medical College (University of Chicago) he came to San Francisco. After one year at the San Francisco City and County Hospital he went to the Saint Francis Hospital as House Physician and some time later went into private practice on his own.

The following 33 years of unselfish devotion to his thousands of patients to whom he has become the ideal doctor whose Hippocratic oath meant far more than personal comfort or financial gain.

For all those years he has been associated with the Saint Francis Hospital as consultant and in the last years as Chief of Staff.

Dr. Eymundson is a modest and unassuming man but I can not refrain from quoting a tribute to him by a nationally known professional colleague:

"I admire Dr. Eymundson. In emergency he has the courage of a lion and the touch of a master musician."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Kristbjörn Sigurður Eymundson M.D., San Marcos Ave., San Francisco, California was born in Pembina, North Dakota, May 1888. His father was John Eymundson son of Eymundur Sigurðsson. His mother was Jóna Einarsdóttir, sister of Thorvarður and Madsen Einarson of Mountain, N. D. Both parents were from Langanesi, Iceland. They came to New Iceland in 1877 and moved to Pembina, N. D., in 1878. His mother died in 1907.

Dr. Eymundson was raised on a farm in Pembina. He graduated from Gustavus Adolphus Academy in 1909 and worked 3 years before going back to school. He graduated from G. A. College in 1916 with an A.B. degree and graduated from Rush Medical College at University of Chicago in 1920 with degree M.D. He enjoyed cutting up with a knife (his own words) and started on animals with a youngster. He interned at San Francisco City and County Hospital 1920-21. He was House Doctor at St. Francis Hospital 1921-22 and for the same Hospital he was Secretary of Advisory Council 1950-52, and Chief of Staff 1952-53. His Private Practice office was at 909 Hyde St., S. F. (Medical Bldg.) 1923-24. His field was general medicine and surgery. He was a member of the S. F. County Medical Association, also California and American Medical Associations.

His hobbies are; gardening, stamp collecting, and work, entomology and botany. He calls himself a pack-rat for he packs home any find that might interest him, be it insects, leaves or stones. His "Pet" Charities are St. Francis Hospital, 'Borg' at Mountain, N. D. and 'Staffholt' at Blaine, Washington.

Louise Gudmunds

SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

The Icelandic Canadian special Xmas gift price, one year \$1.25; Iceland's Thousand Years, \$1.00, Bound \$2.00; Songs of The North III, by S. K. Hall. Just off the press: \$2.00. Order from:

H. F. DANIELSON,
869 Garfield St., Winnipeg 10, Can.

Canada's Pacific Coast is becoming one of the world's great shipping

areas. There are five main ports now on the British Columbia coast-line where the climate allows navigation all year. But all along the coast are smaller ports which handle bulk cargoes of lumber, pulp and paper, ore and metals. The Panama Canal gives all these ports access to the Atlantic. The Greatest of Western Canada's Gateways to the world is, of course, Vancouver. Other growing harbours are at Victoria, Prince Rupert, Nanaimo and Port Alberni.

THE COVER VERSE

The cover verse is the first stanza in a hymn by Rev. Hallgrímur Pétursson in the translation of Páll Bjarnason of Vancouver. In the original manuscript the hymn is given a title: "Um dauðans óvissan tíma", "On Death's Uncertain Time".

Hallgrímur Pétursson (1614-1674) is the famed author of the "Passíusálmur", the "Passion-Hymns". Bishop C. Venn Pilcher D.D. of Australia, who has translated parts of most of the fifty Passion-Hymns, says in the introduction to the 1923 edition:

"The Passion-Hymns of Hallgrímur Pétursson 'the flower of all Icelandic poetry', are recognized as the outstanding religious classic of a noble literature."

The hymn translated is not of the Passion-Hymns but it came to public notice under circumstances which make it almost a part of them and reveal the author's inmost depth of feeling. The Passion-Hymns were completed in 1659 at Skálholt, the Seat of the Bishopric, occupied at that time by Bishop Brynjólfur Sveinsson. He had a daughter, Ragnheiður by name,

who had formerly befriended Hallgrímur in Copenhagen. She was seriously ill, suffering from tuberculosis, and it was known that death was not far off. To give comfort to Ragnheiður in her affliction Hallgrímur Pétursson delivered to her a copy, in his own handwriting, of the Passion-Hymns and two "pearls of his hymn-poetry". The translated hymn is one of them and the other is entitled: "Um fallvalt heimslán", "On Life's Uncertain Fortune." He signed the three, dated them "Anno 1661 in Majo" and added four lines of encouragement to Ragnheiður. The first line is: "Mikill er munur heims og himins", "Great the difference between earth and heaven".

Ragnheiður died shortly afterwards and it is reported that the burial hymn was sung for the first time at her funeral. Bishop Pilcher has translated seven stanzas of the hymn under the title "The Icelandic Burial Hymn", The original and Páll Bjarnason's translations follow. —W.J.L.

* Magnus Jónsson: Hallgrímur Pétursson, æfi hans og starf, Vol. 1, pp 58-59.

o o o

JUST LIKE THE TENDER FLOWER

Translation by Páll Bjarnason

Just like the tender flower
That grows beside the way
And greets the morning hour
In nature's bright array.
Before the reaper falleth
To earth and withered lies,
So, when the Angel calleth,
Man, young or aged, dies.

ALT EINS OG BLÓMSTRÍÐ EINA

eftir Hallgrím Pétursson

Alt eins og blómstrið eina
upp vex á slétri grund,
fagurt með frjóvgum hreina,
fyrst um dags morgunstund,
á snöggu augnabragði
afskorið verður fljótt,
lit og blöð niður lagði
líf mannlegt endar skjótt.

All men to higher forces
Must answer soon or late.
On life's uncertain courses
They meet the selfsame fate.
And no one, poor or wealthy,
Can buy a day's reprieve.
When summoned, weak or healthy
Without delay must leave.

To me, as to the sower,
King Death, it seemeth plain,
Is like the tireless mower
Who cuts the standing grain.
And roses, reeds and sedges
Fall victims with the grass
Before the sickle's edges,
Wherever he may pass.

Mankind impatient races,
Nor ever hesitates,
Right into Death's embraces.
Beyond the grave awaits.
The multitudes keep milling
To one predestined goal;
And all, both loath and willing,
Must go—there's no parole.

For neither wealth nor station
Can turn grim Death aside.
No bribe nor supplication
Can buy a single stride.
All human power faileth
His lifted hand to still
No prayer nor threat availeth
Against his iron will.

Men, ever dazed and fickle
With doubt, are unaware
How Death may swing his sickle,
On whom or when or where.
By one accustomed highway
Into this life we come;
But many a devious byway
Appears to lead therefrom.

Svo hleypur æskan unga
óvissa dauðans leið,
sem aldur og ellin þunga
alt rennur sama skeið.
Innsigli engir fengu
upp á lífsstundar bið,
en þann kost undir gengu
allir, að skiljast við.

Dauðinn má svo með sanni
samlíkjast, þykir mér,
slingum þeim sláttumanni,
er slær alt, hvað fyrir er,
grösin og jurtir grænar,
glóandi blömbstrið frítt,
reyr, stór, sem rósir vænar
reyknar hann jafn-fánýtt

Lífið manns hratt fram hleypur,
hafandi enga bið,
í dauðans grimmar greipur,
gröfin tekur þar við;
allar veraldar vegur
víkur að sama pungt;
fetar þann fús sem tregur,
hvort fellur létt sem þungt.

Hvort fyrir hefð né valdi
hopar dauðinn eitt stryk:
fæst sízt með fögru gjaldi
frestur um augnablik;
alt hann að einu gildir
þótt illa líki' eða vel;
bón ei né bræði mildir
hans beiska heiftarþel.

Menn vaða í villu og svima
veit enginn neitt um það,
hvernig, á hverjum tíma,
eða hvar hann kemur að.
Einn vegur öllum greiðir
inngang í heimsins rann;
margbreyttar lízt mér leiðir
liggi þó út þaðan.

ince Death all men arraigneth
 and marketh for his own,
 No sanguine hope remaineth
 He'd spare but me alone —
 And as we still inherit
 Old Adam's native lust,
 know I truly merit
 To be returned to dust.

No right the mind espouseth
 Can make this life my own.
 The soul my body houseth
 Abides there as a loan
 The Lord, whene'er He pleaseth,
 May claim His goods in fee;
 And Death, His servant, seizeth
 What hath been lent to me.

Content in Jesus' keeping
 With meekness I obey,
 Less worthy than the sleeping,
 Whose last remains are clay.
 Whene'er the call resoundeth,
 No strength nor pleas avail;
 But when the night surroundeth,
 My courage shall not fail.

My Savior now resideth
 Amongst the pure Above
 And in His wisdom guideth
 All things with perfect love.
 While ending death's fell power
 He on the crosstree died,
 That I might from that hour
 For aye with Him abide.

He conquered death by dying
 And set the spirit free.
 While on His strength relying,
 No harm can come to me.
 Though deep in earth be hidden
 My bones, for timeless rest,
 My soul will bide unchidden
 On High among the blest.

Afl dauðans eins nam krenkja
 alla í veröld hér;
 skal eg þá þurfa að þenkja,
 hann þyrmi einum mér?
 Adams er eðli runnið
 í mitt náttúrlegt hold;
 eg hef og þar til unnið,
 aftur að verða mold.

Hvorki með hefð né ráni
 hér þetta líf jeg fann;
 sálin er svo sem að láni
 samtengd við líkamann.
 Í herrans höndum stendur
 að heimta sitt af mér;
 dauðinn má segjast sendur,
 að sækja hvað skaparans er.

Nú vel, í herrans nafni,
 fyrst nauðsyn ber til slík,
 eg er ei þeirra jafni,
 sem jörðin geymir nú lík.
 Hvenær sem kallið kemur,
 kaupir sig enginn frí;
 þar læt eg nótt, sem nemur,
 neitt skal ei kvíða því.

Eg veit, minn ljúfur lifir
 lausnarinn himnum á;
 hann ræður öllu yfir,
 einn heitir Jesús sá;
 sigrarinn dauðans sanni
 sjálfur á krossi dó,
 og mér, svo aumum manni,
 eilíft líf víst til bjó.

Með sínum dauða hann deyddi
 dauðann og sigur vann,
 makt hans og afli eyddi;
 ekkert mig skaða kann;
 þó leggist lík í jörðu,
 lifir mín sála frí;
 hún mætir aldrei hörðu
 himneskri sælu í.

Christ dwells with me each minute.
In Him my trust I keep,
Outside the house or in it,
Awake or when asleep.
Without Him hope were sterile
And hollow in the strife.
Through Him, in spite of peril,
We gain eternal life.

In Jesus' name I'm bidding;
In Jesus' name I'll die.
With Him my footsteps guiding,
No fate can terrify.
So, Death, though I be near thee
And foul has been my guilt,
I say: I do not fear thee.
Come hail whene'er thou Wilt!"

Jesús er mér í minni;
mig á hans vald eg gef,
hvort eg er úti eða inni,
eins þá eg vaki og sef.
Hann er mín hjálp og hreysti,
hann er mitt rétta líf,
honum af hjarta' eg treysti,
hann mýkir dauðans kif.

Jeg lifi' í Jesú nafni,
í Jesú nafni' eg dey;
þó heilsa' og líf mér hafni,
hræðist eg dauðann ei.
Dauði, eg óttast eigi
afl þitt né valdið gilt;
í Kristi krafti' eg segi:
kom þú sæll, þegar þú vilt.

A Commendable Project

Mrs. Louise Gudmunds of Berkley, California, is undertaking a project this year which is worthy of the support of all those who are in a position to give it. She is attempting to collect all the Icelandic chant-tunes (rímna-lög) that exist in this part of the world.

She would like anyone who knows and can sing chants to have a recording made (a list of recording studios may be found on page 197 of the Greater Winnipeg Telephone Directory). For people who find it impossible to go to a studio the next best solution is to have the chant written down.

Anyone making notation of it must not be confused by the irregularity of the rhythm. It is usual that the rhythm is, perhaps, 4/4, 3/4, 4/4, 2/4. That is: one bar of each; or any other combination of metres. The accent expresses the rhythm, and the accent is stressed at the beginning of every measure, making it possible to determine the rhythm. A good chanter stresses the accents properly. That is what gives piquancy to this extraneous music. It

is, therefore, very important to write down the chants correctly in order to understand what is meant. It would also be appreciated if the "bragháttur" (name of metre) were included, also the written text of the rhythm, stanzas and verse so that the correct words can be determined.

If everyone who knows chant-tunes will comply with Mrs. Gudmunds' request, much valuable material will be gathered. Time is a-wasting. Many of the old-timers are leaving this world fast, and it is essential to get the gems from them before they leave.

We could well accept Professor Stefán Einarsson's suggestion and ask for any hymns, songs and nursery rhymes remembered by the old timers and their children. Several of these short pieces can be recorded on one record. Only one verse of each is necessary. The rest can be written.

All communications connected with this project should be addressed to

**Mrs. Louise Gudmunds,
3039 Hillegass Avenue,
Berkley5, California, U.S.A.**

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SAGA OF THE ICELANDERS IN NORTH AMERICA

This is the conclusion of the review of Volume V. of this Saga. In the first part the reviewer expressed the opinion that there were three omissions in the story of Winnipeg and dealt to some extent with the first one, the legal background to the Tabernacle dispute.

II.

It may not be fair to charge the second omission against the author except in so far as it may be contended that there was a duty upon him to confer with people still living who could give information in regard to a second dispute for which the first had prepared the ground — and explosion following preliminary rumblings. Dr. Oleson no doubt did not have the time to make such inquiries. The reference here is to "Heimferðarmál-ið", the dispute that arose in connection with the participation of the Icelanders of the West in the Millennial Celebration staged in Iceland in 1930, in commemoration of the establishment of Althing, the Icelandic Parliament, a thousand years before. The author devotes about twenty pages to the dispute and covers the printed record of it very well and in a commendable objective manner. However, one very essential event, actually a meeting, is omitted, quite understandably, because it does not appear in any of the printed reports of the successive events in the dispute.

A committee of the Icelandic National League had been formed to take charge of the pilgrimage to Iceland. It was called "Heimferðarnefndin", the Home-visiting Committee (hereinafter called the Home C.). There must be two sides to a dispute and an op-

position committee was formed called "Mótmælendanefndin", the Protesting Committee (in short Prot. C.).

The point in dispute was the decision of the Home C. to ask the governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Canada for grants of \$3000 each, payable in three annual instalments, to help defray expenses in connection with the organization of the contingent from the West. At the time the dispute arose the Saskatchewan government had already sent its first instalment of \$1000.00, which had been gratefully accepted by the Home C.

The Prot. C. took the stand that government assistance should not be sought, that no further gifts from governments should be accepted, and the \$1000.00 should be returned to the Province of Saskatchewan.

Four members of the Prot. C. sought to settle the dispute and chose the writer to be the negotiator. Dr. Oleson refers to the meeting held by the Prot. C. on June 9, 1928, when two alternative offers of settlement were rejected and the doors closed to any further negotiations. But a meeting, in retrospect very illuminating, was held by the Prot. C. a week before. The writer brought in a verbal offer of settlement in terms exactly the same as the main written offer brought in by him at the June 9 meeting. The gist of the offer was this: that no further government grants be asked for or accepted and that an arbitration board, two from each group with a chairman selected by the four, be formed to decide in what manner, in connection with the Millennial Celebration, the \$1000.00 already received, was to be used.

When the verbal offer was disclosed to the meeting, the chairman, Dr. B. J. Brandson, arose and stated that to him it seemed quite fair and that he was in favor of accepting it. Two or three others took the same view, but one man expressed the opinion that acceptance of the offer would be a violation of principle. Then a member arose and said that the offer seemed so fair to him that he did not believe that some of the members of the Home C., — one man in particular was mentioned — would ever agree to the offer and said he would not believe it until he saw the offer in writing over the signatures of the members of the Home C. Two others expressed the same opinion. The writer undertook to obtain the offer in writing and the meeting was adjourned for that purpose.

The offer was put in writing and signed with an alternative to the effect that if deemed more acceptable the whole matter could be referred to arbitration.

When the twofold offer was read at the June 9 meeting the chairman announced that nothing short of an unconditional return of the \$1000.00 could be accepted and anyone who disagreed with that stand could leave the meeting. The four negotiators for settlement left.

Through historical events characteristics of a nation or group can be interpreted. In Vol. IV Dr. Oleson, in relating events which turned out to be the beginning of successive disputes among Winnipeg Icelanders, points to the spectacle of two intellectual giants, Dr. Jón Bjarnason and Einar Hjörleifsson Kvaran, unmercifully attacking a well-intentioned Presbyterian evangelist, Jónas Johannesson, who was so poorly equipped in training and intellectual capacity, that no

one needed to fear that his feeble efforts would draw Icelanders into the Presbyterian fold. But that perception produced some of the very finest among the immigrant Icelanders in America.

In 1930 a very reasonable offer of settlement of a dispute was rejected even though it was obvious what the price would be. The visiting contingent to the Celebration broke into groups who sailed in separate ships and were housed in separate quarters in Reykjavík—a virtual announcement where the eyes of the world were turned to Iceland, that even on such an historic occasion, the Icelanders in America could not set aside their local and personal differences. Yet the principals in the conflict were the finest Icelanders of that period—men of high intellectual qualities, men of noble deeds in their chosen callings, equal credit to the nation from which they had sprung and the nation of which they had become a part.

Does history repeat itself? In the Prologue to "The Age of the Sturlungs" (seven centuries ago) the author, Einar Ól. Sveinsson, in the translation of Jóhann S. Hannesson, says

"The history of the age, tragic as it is, is nevertheless outwardly rich and splendid, varied and magnificent. It is as if Fate had chosen to pour on the people its gifts, good and evil, without measure or forethought, juxtaposing opposites in inescapable conflict mingling good qualities with bad. Great gifts and ill fortune go hand in hand."

II.

The third point that should be mentioned is the reference to the Foundation Committee which undertook to raise the Fund of \$200,000.00 required for the establishment of the Chair in

Icelandic Language and Literature in the University of Manitoba. The reference is so brief that it may be placed in the category of an omission. The half page allotted to the preliminaries leading to the commencement of the collection campaign is not quite correct but that is of little moment. There is one line on the work of the committee. In the original and a somewhat loose translation it is as follows: "Ekki verður annað sagt, en þessi nefnd hafi gengið vel að verki"; One cannot but say that the committee approached its task with vigor.

In the first place it should have mentioned that others helped in the campaign. The Founders' Committee consisted of the following: Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson, chairman; Miss Margaret Petursson, secretary, Judge W. J. Lindal; Dr. L. A. Sigurdson; Consul G. L. Johannson; A. J. Eggertson, Q. C. The campaign was sponsored by The Icelandic National League, The Icelandic Canadian Club, the Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D.E., The Icelandic Good Templars and The Icelandic Celebration Committee. There was a publicity committee of the Icelandic editors, Mrs. Ingibjörg Jónsson, Mrs. Hólmfríður Danielson, Stefán Einarsson and Einar P. Jónsson, with two liaison members of the Founders' Committee, Dr. L. A. Sigurdson and the writer.

Some very excellent work, which cannot be measured by the contributions alone, was done by men and women who organized groups in the different Icelandic districts each of which undertook to raise one thousand dollars and thus qualify as one of the Founders of the Chair. Over twenty such groups were formed and space does not permit an enumeration of the personnel of local committees in each district. It is though only right

and fair to state that outside of some of the members of the Founders Committee Einar P. Jónson and his wife took the lead in organizing these district groups.

The author might also have mentioned that most of the members of the Founders' Committee spent more than all their spare time over a period of four years in the campaign and did the work without deducting one cent for travelling expenses, stationery, postage or long distance telephone calls. Some of the members of the committee paid well over one thousand dollars in expenses in addition, of course, to the contribution to the Chair, in no case less than the qualifying \$1000.00 and up to \$5000.00. One must hasten to add that the same rule applied to all who assisted in the campaign.

The raising of this fund of over \$200,000.00 has often come up for discussion in university circles and in organizations dependent upon public contributions for their financial outlays. A representative of one of the big universities in the East, at a Seminar held in Scarborough, near Toronto in May 1953, said that it was "the academic achievement of the time."

In spite of these omissions Volume V of "Saga Íslendinga í Vesturheimi", is a most valuable contribution to the Saga of Icelanders in the West and should be read by all who have a reasonable command of the Icelandic language and are interested in the story of their national group in America. —W. J. L.

★

SONGS OF THE NORTH, Vol. III
S. K. Hall, Bac. Mus., Toronto, 1954.
27 pp.

This attractive publication contains ten Icelandic songs with English translation and piano accompaniment. The

songs are Tone poem (Tónninn) by Guðmundur A. Stefánsson, The Name (Nafnið) by Steingrímur Thorsteins-son, Praise (Lof), At Evening (Um kvöld) by Einar P. Jónsson, The Hand of God (Láttu Guðshönd þig leiða hér) by Hallgrímur Pétursson, Smile, (Bros) by P. S. Pálsson, You Alone (Þú ein) by P. S. Pálsson, The Fowl Faring Sands (Fuglinn í Fjörunni), Raven (Hrafninn), Oak Trees Saw I (Eikur eg sá) by Guðmundur Bergþórsson. The translators are Paul Bjarnason, Jakobina Johnson, H. S. Axdal, Prof. Skuli Johnson and Rev. R. Fjeldsted.

The publication may be obtained from **S. K. Hall**, Wynyard, Sask. The price is \$2.00.

ÆFISAGA HELGA EINARSSON (The Autobiography of Helgi Einarsson): Published in Iceland, 1954, pp.

As *The Icelandic Canadian* was going to press, a copy of this recently published book was received. We hope to publish a review of it in our next issue.

A casual perusal of the book indicates that it deals with the experience of an immigrant during the early years of the Icelandic settlement in Manitoba; also that it contains a number of interesting anecdotes.

It may be obtained at **Björnsson Book Store**, 702, Sargent Ave., Winnipeg. The price is \$4.00.

RECEIVES DOCTOR'S DEGREE AT SORBONNE



Miss Carol J. Feldsted

On June 17th, 1954 at the public sustenance of her thesis in History of Art, before 3 professors at the Sorbonne, **Miss Carol J. Feldsted** was granted the degree of "Doctorat d'

Université" avec le mention très honorable."

Miss Feldsted, who taught at the University of Manitoba from 1947-1951 and at Colorado College 1952-1953, studied Art at the Art Institute of Chicago, at New York University, Columbia University, the University of California and at the University of Paris.

Miss Feldsted was born in Winnipeg, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Feldsted and received her high school education and two years University in Winnipeg.

On her return from France in October she will take up residence with her parents at 4376 McKenzie St., Vancouver, B. C.

No less than 20,000 people attended a Finnish Trade Exhibition held in Reykjavík during May. Both Finnish and Icelandic dignitaries attended the opening ceremonies. In connection with the exhibition Finnish musicians appeared with the Reykjavík Symphony Orchestra performing music from Finland.

A UNIQUE ANNIVERSARY EXHIBIT

The University of Iceland seems to have a habit of doing things in an unusual but yet a very appropriate way. On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Icelandic Republic it staged an exhibit of "Íslenzk fræði*, 1911-1954", "Icelandic Studies, 1911-1954". The exhibit consisted of books and articles, which have been published since the founding of the university in 1911, on the various types of studies of the Icelandic cultural heritage. Over one thousand books and several hundred articles were exhibited.

The committee in charge of this remembrance display was under the chairmanship of Dr. Þorkell Jóhannesson, the present president of the university.

A twenty-four page brochure on the exhibit was published. There is a brief introduction by the then president Dr. Alexander Jóhannesson, which in part reads as follows:

"When the Department of Philosophy was added to other departments on the establishment of the university in 1911, it was intended that national Icelandic studies would be accorded

an honourable place, because it was obvious that Icelandic men of learning would find it easier to study and analyze the history, the literature and the language of the nation than scholars of other lands. . . . On this historic occasion, when the nation recalls that ten years have passed since the establishment of the republic, it occurred to the university council that it would be very appropriate to glance back over the road that has been travelled and view what has been accomplished in past years, and to look into the future and picture what needs to be done in the years to come."

The pamphlet divides the collection into seven divisions: history, embracing 270-280 volumes; Icelandic grammar, which includes origin of words, phonetics and texts, about eighty volumes; dictionaries, new and coined words included, 30-40 volumes; history of literature, over eighty volumes and numerous articles; the Icelandic Classics, many editions, over two hundred volumes; reprints in improved editions of later writings; Icelandic folklore.

Most of the books are in Icelandic but some are written in other languages such as Danish, German and English.

W. J. L.

* No English word embraces what is within the connotation of the Icelandic word "fræði". It includes both studies and learning.

Canada ranked third among trading nations in both exports and imports last year, accounting for about 6.3% of the trade of the non-Soviet world. The United States ranked first, followed by the United Kingdom, and the Federal Republic of Germany ranked fourth, followed by France.

The Canadian dollar today is the most highly quoted dollar in the world. Canadian chartered banks have assets totalling many billions of dollars and there are more than one billion dollars worth of assets in Canadian banks located in countries outside of Canada.

IN THE NEWS



Courtesy, Winnipeg Free Press
Joyce Borgford (seated) and Eleanor Johannson

People were wilting in the heat at Portage la Prairie's eighty-second annual fair, but two smartly dressed, blue-eyed, fair-haired young ladies ap-

peared cool and chic in their tailored wool suits on which they had been working since Christmas just for the fair. The suits were a part of a ward-

robe they have made in the four years since joining their local 4-H Sewing Club.

Joyce Borgford and Eleanor Johannson are both 16-year old girls who will enter Grade XI this fall. Joyce' parents are Marino and Ellen (Arngrimson) Borgford of Arborg. Eleanor's parents are Gudrun (Sigvaldason) and Thorkell Johannson also of Arborg.

The girls, since they are close friends, have always worked together. At the 4-H Club semi-final provincial competition held in conjunction with the Portage fair they were tied for first place. Joyce was, however, awarded the gold watch on the basis of the results of a tie-breaking oral examination.

It took a lot of work, sewing the entire jacket, lining it by hand and finishing the pockets nicely. It took a lot of patience and tears the girls ruefully admitted. Towards the end, as the date of their club achievement day drew nearer, it meant sitting up until after midnight to finish their suits. It even meant skipping parties.

Sewing is fun, the girls say, and anyone can do it. "Why we couldn't so much as run a machine or knit a square when we started out," Joyce said.

Now the girls spend winter evenings and summer vacations planning fabulous wardrobes from high style fashion magazines. For the little it costs them to make their own clothes, these wardrobes, that most teen-agers dream of, are easily within the reach of the girls. Joyce's suit, a blue grey novelty tweed, cost her only \$18.95; Eleanor's dusty rose was just \$13.99 — "Counting the thread and buttons."

Last year at the Portage fair, the girls were chosen as princesses to the 4-H fashion queen. As a team they won the Kiwanis Club shield for demonstrations last fall. Eleanor also won a

gold watch at the recent Selkirk rally for judging clothes.

The girls have planned a career in home economics. They have not decided what field they will enter, but next year they plan to enroll in the University of Manitoba Home Economics faculty. ★

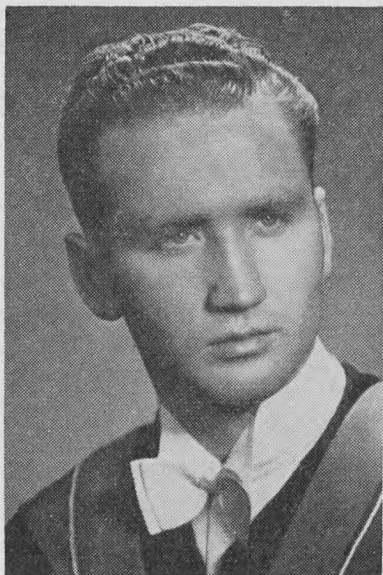


Miss Sheila Gwendolyn Breckman, graduated last Spring from the University of Western Ontario with a degree of Bachelor of Arts. Miss Breckman is the recipient of a scholarship from the University of Oslo, Norway, where she studied social sciences and The Norwegian language. During her overseas journey she visited both Sweden and Denmark. Gwendolyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Halldor K. Breckman, manager of the Beaver Lumber Co. at London, Ontario. ★

GRADUATES FROM LOYOLA UNIVERSITY, LOS ANGELES

James E. Funk graduated from the Loyola University School of Law in June. He is the son of Dr. Ernest and Mrs. Funk. Rose Funk is Icelandic. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. James Jameson from Spanish Forks, Utah. Mr. Jameson's original name was Guðmundur Eyjólfsson.

COMPLETES SCHOLASTIC CAREER



Dr. Valdimar Benjamin Kjernersted is a recent graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College at Guelph, Ontario. Dr. Kjernersted received his secondary school education at The Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, in Winnipeg. During his first year at Guelph he received a scholarship for attaining the highest average in his year, and in his graduation year, he was the recipient of a \$100.00 scholarship for his research work. Dr. Kjernersted is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kjernersted at Oak View, Manitoba.

★

AWARDED SCHOLARSHIP

Dolores Johnson, honored as valedictorian of St. Clement High School Center Line, class of 1954, was awarded June 6 a four year scholarship to Dominican College, Racine, Wis., for highest scholastic rating.

She attended St. Clement for 12 years, and was awarded an honor certificate for being the outstanding girl leader of her class. A medal for highest rating in commercial subjects (typ-

ing, shorthand, bookkeeping) was bestowed upon her.

She was cheerleader for her last two years of high school, and played basketball with CYO team.

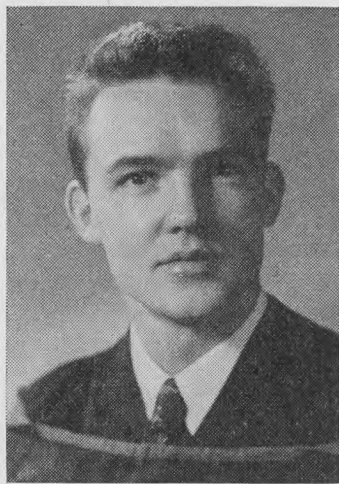
She also studied piano at the Detroit Institute of Arts, and attended the Bessie Wilson School of Dancing. At the age of 16, she received her license of cosmetology from the East Side College of Beauty Culture.

She pursued a business program throughout her high school years, and will major in teachers training at Dominican College in the fall.

Dolores is the daughter of Al Johnson Jr., the granddaughter of Louise and the late Alex Johnson of Winnipeg.

★

HONOR STUDENT



Archibald Charles Orr

Outstanding student at Kitsilano high school in Vancouver last June **Archibald Charles Orr** was awarded the Lions' cup for scholarship as well as an honor award for contributing to school life and welfare and a gold "K" pin for school service. Archie is the son of Archibald and Thorbjorn (Sigurdson) Orr, of Vancouver, B. C.

PROMOTED



R. J. Nicholson

The Trans Canada Airlines has recently announced the appointment of **Mr. R. J. Nicholson** as City Passenger Sales Manager for Montreal and district. Mr. Nicholson was born in Winnipeg and received his education at the John M. King school and at Daniel MacIntyre Collegiate Institute. During World War II he was navigation instructor for the R.C.A.F. He joined the T.C.A. in 1941 and has served with them at various points in Canada.

Mr. Nicholson is married to a Winnipeg girl and is the father of three children. His mother, Bertha Nicholson, 557 Agnes St., Winnipeg, is a lifetime member of the Icelandic Lutheran church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eiríkur Davidson who formerly lived in Winnipeg and Selkirk.

HEADS TEACHERS COLLEGE

Hon. W. S. Lloyd, Minister of Education for the Province of Saskatchewan, has announced the appointment of **Dr. Steinn W. Steinson** as principal of the Teacher's College.

For the past four years, Dr. Steinson has been an instructor of psychology for the Teacher's College. For five years, he acted as rural practice teaching supervisor at the Moose Jaw Normal School. From 1941 to 1945 he was a member of the teaching staff of the University of California, Los Angeles. Prior to that time, he taught for many years at Yorkton, Wynyard and Kindersley.

Dr. Steinson was born in Manitoba, and took his elementary education in various schools in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. After attending high school in Saskatoon, he graduated from the University of Saskatchewan with a B.A. degree in 1922. He received his M.A. degree in Education from the University of California in 1942, and his Doctor of Education degree from the same university in 1948.

During his teaching life, Dr. Steinson has been very active in community affairs. He has served on the executive of several service clubs and organizations and was director of the Saskatoon Art Center, 1953-54. He has had many articles on education published in newspapers and periodicals throughout Canada. Dr. Steinson was awarded the King George VI Coronation Medal in 1937 for contributions to education in Saskatchewan.

Settlers' effects worth \$28,987,000 entered Canada last year, \$3,243,000 worth or 12% more than in 1952, and

\$16,095,000 worth were shipped out of Canada, \$1,307,000 worth or 9% more than in 1952.

My Flight to Iceland

by ROSA BENEDIKTSSON

April 25, 1953, was a memorable day to me. I received a "Special Delivery" letter advising me that through the kindness and cooperation of the Icelandic government, Icelandic Airways and friends in the West I had been invited to visit Iceland. This news, I can assure you, was received with mixed emotion. I was deeply moved by this very kind gesture. My heart was filled with gratitude to the Icelandic nation that they should so honor the memory of my late father, on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Of course I was delighted at the prospect of visiting the Old Land—a dream I had long harboured. But on the other hand I felt I did not merit this great reward. But after a few days of contemplation, and with strong support from my family and friends I accepted the invitation, for which I shall be everlastingly grateful, for to me the journey was a wonderful adventure all through.

So after being given wonderful "send off" parties by friends in my community and showered with gifts and good wishes, on Sunday evening May 21 I set off on my long and delightful journey. I stopped off at Wynyard, Sask., and reached Winnipeg Friday morning where I spent two days. On Sunday morning June 7, at 8 a.m., my friend Margret Petursson drove me to Stevenson Airport where the plane was due to leave at 9 a.m. for New York. The airport was crowded with people. Everyone talked Icelandic and you would almost think that you were in Iceland. After our baggage had been checked and weighed in, we boarded the plane and

before we knew it we were zooming in the air like a bird on our T.C.A.

Before I go any further, I must answer the question put to me often, "How did you like air travel?" To that question I must answer I liked it very much. It is a quick and convenient way to get around the world you'd never know but what you're sitting comfortably at home on your Chesterfield. Outside of a few times when we descended and my ears hurt horribly, I enjoyed every moment of the journey. To me it was a most fascinating sight to get a birds-eye view of the countryside. One sees so much of it in passing and can get a general idea of its geography. Farmsteads and fields are laid out in checkerboard fashion, houses become like doll houses and automobiles like toy cars whizzing along the highways.

The group which I referred to was the group of Western Icelanders as they call us in Iceland—38 in number from Canada and the United States, who were taking this trip to Iceland. All but 7 were born there. The average age was 60 years, 2 ladies were 83 years young and our youngest member only 19. So you see, this was no group of youngsters, but I'm sure we were all as happy as a bunch of teenagers and no one suffered any ill effects on our long air journey. Of course we were fortunate in that we had excellent flying weather.

In about 3 hours we landed at Malton Airport near Toronto where there was an hour's stop and we changed planes. Off we went again and after 3 hours flight we landed

Edelwyde Airport some forty miles from the city of New York. Two buses transferred the group to Collingwood Hotel. We were to leave for Iceland on Monday afternoon, but due to our plane being delayed in the Orient, we could not go 'til Wednesday afternoon. However we had a very interesting time in the city and I am sure we all enjoyed being part of the seven and a half million inhabitants who make up this gigantic metropolis—even just for this short while. There is much there to marvel at, man's great skill in engineering and construction work

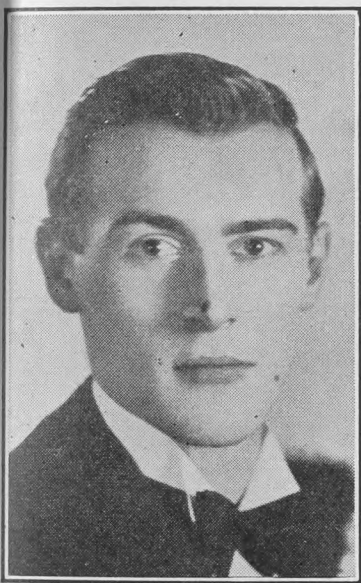
which makes it possible for so many people to live in such a comparatively small area. We went on a sight-seeing tour of the city, compliments of Icelandic Airways, and were invited to dinner at the Icelandic Consul's residence in the Bronx, a beautiful residential area.

Rosa Benediktsson, born at Markerville, Alberta, 1900. The youngest child of Stephan G. Stephansson and his wife, Helga Jónsdóttir.

Married in 1928 to Sigurður V. Benediktsson who passed away in 1942. Has one daughter and three sons. Has lived on the farm consistently.

(Continued in next issue)

OUTSTANDING STUDENT



Mr. Patrick Olafsson has recently been awarded a Master of Science degree in chemistry from the Sate University of Washington at Seattle. He is a former graduate of McGill University with degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. He is currently pursuing further post-graduate studies for his doctorate. Recently he was awarded a substantial fellowship from The Du

Pont Chemical Corporation for further research in his chosen field. Patrick is the son of Jon Olafsson of Salmon Arm, B. C. who was formerly the chief metallurgist for the Vulcan Iron Works in Winnipeg.

★

EARNs EDUCATION DEGREE

Johannes Paulson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Paulson of Foam Lake, Sask. has recently completed his studies for a Bachelor of Education Degree from the University of Saskatchewan.

Mr. Paulson has taught school in Saskatchewan for a number of years, and is presently employed as a Vice-Principal in Prince Albert. A brother, Valdimar is a practicing lawyer in the town of Foam Lake.

Canadian chartered banks now operate more than 100 branches, agencies and subsidiaries abroad. There are Canadian banks in Britain, the United States, France, Cuba, the West Indies, and Central and South America.

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN



George E. Sharpe, Winnipeg Alderman from 1946 to 1954, who is a candidate for Mayor in the Civic election of October 27. Mr. Sharpe, a son of Thomas Sharpe who served Winnipeg as Mayor for three years (1904-1906), is an energetic young man who, during his eight years as Alderman has served on practically every committee of Council and has also served as Deputy Mayor.

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